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EDITED BY

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PROFESSOR OF PRACTICAL THEOLOGY,
DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.



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TO
THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
JOHN MILEY, GEORGE R. CROOKS, JAMES STRONG AND
SAMUEL F. UPHAM
AND TO
THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1887
WHO ENJOYED WITH ME THE
INSPIRATION OF THEIR TEACHING AND EXAMPLE
AND WHO WITH ME
CHERISH THE REMEMBRANCE OF
THEIR FRIENDSHIP

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INTRODUCTION

THE Christian pulpit is still a factor in world-progress. It has not yet lost its power. It will never be supplanted; there is no substitute for it. As Bishop Simpson affirmed in his Yale Lectures on Preaching, "This preaching is to be a perpetual agency. Other systems may change, other plans may fail, but this *never*." The Christian sermon, in spite of many prophecies, has not become obsolete. It never will be obsolete. The world is to be saved by the foolishness of preaching, for thus hath God ordained.

For nearly forty years Drew Theological Seminary has been training men to preach. It was founded for this purpose; it is maintained for this purpose. From this beautiful Forest, the pride of every man who has walked beneath these noble trees, have gone forth to many pulpits, in home and foreign fields, preachers of the blessed gospel of the Son of God. They have been men of noble enterprise and singleness of purpose, imbued with the Methodist spirit, and showing a loyal devotion to the lofty ideals of the Christian ministry as exemplified by such royal men as McClintock, Foster, Hurst, Kidder, Nadal, Strong, Miley, Crooks, Upham, and the greatly beloved President of the

Seminary for more than a quarter of a century, Doctor Buttz. They have been worthy stewards of the mysteries, faithful shepherds of the flocks. They have preached Jesus, warning every man in all wisdom, that they might present every man perfect in Jesus Christ. And everywhere they have found the gospel the power of God unto salvation. This Seminary has been and is justly proud of her sons who have thus preached in many places and in many languages the one supreme message of the Christian pulpit, and rejoices in the success of all alike. It is with peculiar pleasure therefore that this volume of sermons is issued. It is representative of both American and Canadian Methodism, and of the two great Methodisms in the United States. It contains the Baccalaureate Sermon preached by President Buttz last Commencement, and fifteen other sermons by honored graduates of the Seminary. The order of the arrangement of the sermons is based upon the year of graduation. It is expected that other series will follow.

EZRA SQUIER TIPPLE.

The Forest,

Madison, New Jersey.

SOME OBLIGATIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY MINISTER

Baccalaureate Sermon Preached May 14th, 1905

BY

HENRY A. BUTTZ, D.D., LL. D.

President Drew Theological Seminary

SOME OBLIGATIONS OF THE PRESENT DAY MINISTER

Rom. 1. 14: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise."

THE text is from Paul's introduction to his greatest letter, which he addressed to the capital of the whole civilized world. In these words he affirms his obligation to carry the gospel to all men. The word debtor means to be under obligation. In ordinary usage it means the obligation of one person to another for some personal favor which has been received.

In this passage Paul takes a broader view. He affirms his obligation to those whom he had never seen, and of whom he had merely heard. The Gentile world had never done anything for Paul, but Christ had called him to his apostleship, and this constituted his obligation to carry his Lord's message to all those whom he came to save. Paul declares himself a debtor both to "Greeks and Barbarians." By the Greeks Paul means not only pure Greeks, but all those people who proceeded from Greek centers and were dominated by Greek ideas. It has been suggested that with his usual courtesy Paul in this passage regarded the Romans

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as Greeks. The Barbarians included all who were not Greeks.

He also speaks of himself as a debtor to the wise and to the unwise. If the former classification involved his obligation to the men of all languages and all races, this designation as wise and unwise includes all conditions of men. By the wise is meant men of science and philosophy and culture. He owed the gospel to the men of the Porch and the Academy, as well as to the illiterate and untrained. While the church in its beginnings took hold chiefly of the uneducated, such was the vitality of the gospel that it soon touched the intellect as well as the heart, and out of it sprang some of the foremost thinkers and scholars of the world.

What breadth of obligation does the apostle here acknowledge—all nations, all languages, all forms and degrees of culture. These were the obligations of the great apostle as stated by himself. It is not of Paul, however, that I propose to speak at this time. We shall regard Paul as a type of the preacher of to-day, and the theme on which I propose to speak is Some of the Obligations of the Present Day Minister.

The first obligation I would mention is this: The preacher of to-day is under obligation to maintain unimpaired the doctrine of salvation. The word salvation is preëminently a Bible word. The name salvation occurs in the Scriptures

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about one hundred and sixty-three times and its cognates, Saviour, savest, nearly four hundred times. It is used in various senses, but its supreme meaning is God's salvation for mankind. It is a word greatly emphasized by Paul. In one of the verses closely following the text we read, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." It has been well remarked by Liddon "that the salvation here meant is not social or political but that eternal salvation which was always associated with the promise of the Messiah." The Christian's walk is designated as "The way of salvation," hence Liddon further remarks, "Thus salvation includes the whole of Christ's redemptive work in the soul of man, which begins in justification and sanctification here, and is completed in endless happiness hereafter." The importance of comprehending and maintaining the doctrine of salvation as a part of the preacher's obligation cannot be overstated.

There can be no step forward in Christian teaching, or Christian effort, without this primary conception. Every organized body must maintain its fundamental idea or must cease to exist. The doctrine of salvation lies at the foundation of the great spiritual edifice. The early church councils were but the effort to express this primary conception. No visitor to the ancient city

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of Trent can fail to be impressed with this thought: rightly or wrongly, a great effort was made at the famous council held there to define the truth. The later history of the church has emphasized this view. No one in the light of general church history can question the importance of formulated expressions of saving truth. The early Conferences held by Mr. Wesley were small councils, of himself and his preachers, for the purpose of giving precise statements of the essential doctrines which they preached. The doctrinal formulations of Mr. Wesley and his co-laborers, especially on the subjects of justification and sanctification, are among the clearest and most accurate to be found in the whole realm of theological literature. All the great leaders of Christendom, Augustine, Calvin, Luther, have recognized the importance of formulated expressions of saving truth. The followers of Mr. Wesley cannot be indifferent to that which he and his able band of co-workers regarded as so important.

This precision of statement which must be maintained also suggests dangers and limitations. There is danger lest we add to the body of doctrine anything on which emphasis has not been laid in the Word of God, and of enforcing as essential that which was not held to be such by those who spoke as they were moved of the Holy Ghost. For Protestant Christendom, at least, the Scriptures

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constitute the only body of doctrine, and our ministers pledge themselves in their ordination vows to maintain nothing as necessary to salvation which cannot be "concluded and proved" thereby. The vexed questions of the church can best be settled by insisting only upon those things which can be maintained by a clear and harmonious exegesis. Those who would impose doctrines upon the church which grow out of the silence of the Scriptures are laying upon the consciences of men a yoke which Christ and his apostles never imposed. Those who would enforce upon the church views in respect to justification, sanctification, or the future life, which are not clearly set forth in God's Word, are adding to the body of doctrine without authority and without excuse. No statement of doctrine can be accepted as authoritative that does not rest on sound Scripture exegesis. To accept a teaching, grounded on subjective considerations only, is to surrender the truth to the vagaries of human reason. The church is under obligation to prevent additions, as well as to maintain in its fullness the doctrine of salvation as it is revealed in the sacred Scriptures. The doctrine of salvation has remained unchanged through the Christian centuries. There is a sense in which there is progress in theology. There is progress in apprehending the truth in the Scriptures, in theological formulations and the applications of theol-

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ogy to human welfare and to Christian growth, but God's "righteousness is forever and his salvation from generation to generation." His "truth endureth to all generations." This thought of a divine salvation is fundamental and essential and must be assumed in every discussion of the relation of the gospel to our modern age.

The minister of to-day is also under obligation in relation to the present conditions of critical scholarship. The minister of the gospel is by the very nature of his profession a scholar. His work is related to the profoundest subjects that can engage mankind; hence he should be abreast of the foremost thought of his time. The historical method of investigation has become the recognized one in all departments of inquiry. The lines of the world's thought now run in this direction, and all critical problems must be met from the standpoint of to-day. No church, which would maintain its hold upon the confidence of thoughtful men, can pass in silence, or in derision, the progress of scholarship. The great questions which have been raised and are now before the world must be considered fairly, fully, and dispassionately. The difference, however, in the results of investigation is largely the difference of the point of approach. When the rationalist or infidel begins his investigations by the assumptions of destructive criticism, and ignores the work of centuries of scholarship

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in favor of the sacred writings, he proceeds by a false method and must reach unsatisfactory conclusions. He is unwilling to see other than that which his subjective prepossessions have determined that he shall see. So when from our standpoint we approach all criticism with the assumption that it contains no element of truth, and must in the very nature of the case be rejected in its entirety, we, too, are shutting our eyes so that we cannot see. We have a right to insist, however, that the results of centuries of investigation shall count for something. We have a right to claim that the beneficent influence of certain forms of truth upon the world shall count something for their accuracy and divineness. We have a right to demand that the overthrow of foundations can only be acknowledged when the demonstrations against them shall be absolutely complete, and admitted to be so by all candid minds.

There is no doubt that, within the limits of a true rational and scientific inquiry, no portion of sacred truth will be seriously modified. Its divine authority will only be the stronger when the most rigid tests have been applied to it. When Lachmann first laid down his principles of text criticism he was regarded not in the light of a reformer, but as a revolutionist. The most rigid application of his principles of textual criticism of the New Testament has not invalidated that

text, but has established it with an authority which belongs to none of the classical productions of antiquity. The progress of text criticism has not led to the modification of a single one of the great doctrines of the church of Christ. The gospel of St. John will serve as an additional illustration. Often, apparently for dogmatic reasons, it has been attempted to show that it was the production of a later age. The controversy has been long, and the battle has been waged with all the resources of learning, logical power, and critical acumen. What has been the result? Only this: the Johanne authorship of the fourth gospel has been shown to rest upon a basis so impregnable that we are safe to regard it as the mature verdict of historic investigation. A great church owes it to the world, owes it to its own people, to carry forward, under her own auspices and by her own scholars, those processes of critical study upon which so much depends. The work of adverse criticism can only be overthrown by equal scholarship and adequate logical power. A great church must cherish her scholars, not regarding them as mere appendages to her general work, but as the great forces which, although unknown to the masses around them, are preserving the foundations of the sacred edifice. Surely they, if any, are entitled to be considered pillars in the church of God.

The minister of to-day is under obligation to sus-

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tain the educational institutions of the church. Scholarship is not produced by revolution, but by evolution. It is a growth. It demands time. It also requires contact and familiarity with the choicest and best thought of the past and present. The great institutions of learning come out of the past. The ancient, the mediæval, and the modern meet in the college or university. The demand, now so current, that all education must be modern is a demand false in philosophy and mischievous in tendency. It is like suggesting to a student that he knows enough of geology when he has examined the mere crust of the earth on which he walks. One cannot know this science fully without knowing its growth as well as its present position. That which goes before is necessary to a full comprehension of that which comes after. The whole moral and religious life of the world is connected with past language, history, philosophy, and tradition, and no mere surface education can meet the requirements of the church of the twentieth century.

The minister of to-day owes it to humanity to provide the best institutions possible for the development of scholarship and character, for the two are very closely related to each other. It will make a great difference to our future scholars whether their highest training shall be under influences friendly or hostile to Christ. The church,

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then, must not provide for the mere primary forms of education to the neglect of the higher. She must endow institutions where the ripest scholarship is found in union with the most implicit faith. This obligation she cannot throw off without peril, and the present-day minister must aid in this work.

The minister of to-day has an obligation also to the culture of the time as expressed in literature and art. They are broader in their influence than mere critical studies, and hence the more important to be directed if not controlled. In the circles of modern culture these two occupy the foremost place, and hence must not be undervalued. In the earlier days, when art was at its best, in the period of the great masters, Christ was the center of the choicest achievements of the pencil and brush. The Last Supper, the Madonna, the Holy Family, were subjects on which were expended the taste and skill of the finest artists. Sculpture, painting and music, too, have been ever the handmaids of Christianity. The same, however, cannot be said of literature. It has been in all ages the foe as well as the friend of truth. In the pagan world literature assumed forms whose very depravity has in a measure protected the modern world from its baleful influence. Some of the choicest productions were intended for the stage, and popular impression was the end sought. The possible degradation of these highest productions of the beautiful

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in literature, in music and in art generally makes the subject one in which the church must have a permanent interest. Her attitude toward literature and art should not be iconoclastic, but friendly. She should accept them as the hand-maids of religion in promoting noble living and choice thinking. She may not allow them to be substitutes for religion. She must restore and maintain their power in harmony with their purity, and thus develop a taste for the highest productions of the imagination and the purest sentiments of the heart. Why should not the church furnish from her own ranks those whose words bear "sweetness and light" to all lovers of "the true, the beautiful, and the good?" It is pleasant to know that some of the choicest productions in literature are even now proceeding from the pens guided and controlled by those who love Christ. The same is true of art. It must be elevated, consecrated, ennobled; and this can only be done when the church shall recognize her obligation to everything that makes for human welfare. Here, too, we may claim that some of the finest lovers of art are found among the warmest adherents of Jesus Christ. The eye and the hand of multitudes in the church, who are full of promise, are being trained for service in these directions, and thus potent influences for good are working in the world. These factors of human progress, believed by many to

be out of the sphere of the church, may be employed for the glory of God and the spread of holiness; or, if neglected, may become fearful in their influence upon some of the most interesting people and those best fitted for highest usefulness. What the attitude of the church shall be toward literature and art and music is a subject which the minister cannot regard with indifference. It should be sympathetic and cordial, while resisting everything likely to degrade them from the high position, which in the very nature of things they should occupy, as elements in a true Christian civilization.

The minister of to-day has a supreme obligation also to the moral or ethical life of the world. All Christian activity finds its proper expression in the moral life. Jesus himself said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Character and conduct are the tests of fellowship with him. Wherever beautiful living is found, deeds of love wrought, noble actions performed, there is the expression of genuine religion. Hence the church of Christ is friendly to all the virtues and hostile to all the vices. By the very terms of her existence she must be a foe to human slavery, to intemperance, and to all kindred evils. Nor can she be indifferent to anything that seriously impairs the moral development of the race. She is bound to protect the holy Sabbath, to restrain low and debasing pleasures,

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and, in connection therewith, to develop the individual life so that men shall love and follow the good. In every real moral crisis her voice cannot be silent without disloyalty to her God. She must be at once the friend of freedom and the friend of law. She must alike maintain penalty and reward. She must also be progressive, ready to accept whatever is new, provided that it shall also be true. The historic church has sometimes hesitated, but in the main has not failed in this particular. In the crucial hours of history she has never been wanting.

The moral aspects of the New Testament must ever be upheld before men. As its purity is beyond reproach, so must the purity of the Christian life be maintained unsullied before the world. The church owes it to the world to maintain the loftiest ideals of living, the highest standards of duty. The minister of the gospel must read and expound before the people the life of Christ as well as his atoning death. He must unfold in their fullness the doctrinal portions of the writings of Paul, and at the same time not forget to emphasize his ethical teachings. He must read Romans, but not omit James. In short, the minister of to-day cannot shrink from his high obligations to the moral life of the world.

This ethical life of the church must show itself not only in the ideals which she upholds and in the

ordinary life she leads, but also in the methods she employs for her own advancement. One of the dangers of a great organization grows out of the lack of individuality in its general management. It is not uncommon for an organization to do things which an individual member of it would not do. Even in church life there is danger lest desire for success should obscure the noblest methods of performing God's work. A study of the life of Christ will reveal to us how absolute was his adherence to his own principles in his own daily life. Did he exhort to self-denial? His life was one complete self-abnegation. Did he emphasize the truth? He was both the embodiment of truth and its expression. Did he proclaim the duty of love to men? He showed its highest expression in giving up his life in their behalf. So the church, separate from the world, as it claims to be in theory, must also be separate in fact. No church can pursue Christian ends by unchristian means. To do so is to abandon the very charter under which she exists. Nor can the church be employed as a means of individual worldly advancement. In the very nature of things there are various positions in the church of God. Viewed from a human standpoint, some of these are higher and some are lower. But office as a means of promotion merely has no place in the organization of the church. "One is your master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren,"

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The minister of to-day has special obligations to the great missionary movements of the world. This was the fundamental thought of the text. In this presence and on this occasion I need only to mention it. The solidarity of this world in Christ is the final and glorious result of the triumph of the gospel. "The kingdoms of this world are [all to] become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." In the apocalyptic vision it is declared that "on his head are many crowns;" all the crowns of the world are fitly to adorn the brow of our redeeming Lord. Toward a united world the history of the church has been tending. The earliest organizations of society were family and tribal. Nationality was of slow growth. World-wide unity and empire have been from the beginning a dream of the church of God, and the bringing about of that great time when all shall be one in our Divine Lord is a part of the mission of the minister of to-day, whether in foreign or home lands. Canon Liddon, in a sermon to students at Oxford University on the "Courage of Faith," closes with these words: "If any man who hears me is in doubt what to do with his life one suggestion may be furnished by the subject of to-day's sermon. It will not be hereafter a matter of regret if you should resolve to devote yourself to Apostolic work in the dependencies of this great empire; in those cities of America, and Australia, and India which be-

fore long must powerfully affect, if they do not even govern, the course of the civilized world. We are not far from the time when Sidney, and Melbourne, and Calcutta, and Cape Town will rank with the old capitals of Europe; already a new world is being created by the colonial enterprise of England. No light privilege is it to have a hand in building up the moral life of these new communities; no common honor surely to help to lay, side by side with the foundations of their free political institutions, the broad and deep foundations of the church of God. Often enough it is little that can be done in an old country, where life is ruled by fixed and imperious traditions; while much may be done where all is yet fluid and where, if religion is sometimes unprotected and unrecognized, she is not embarrassed by influences which deaden or cramp her best energies at home." In a similar way I might say to you that a great field is open to the minister of to-day, not only in our foreign work but in the wide domains that are now under the flag of our country which are to be the fields of marvellous growth in days not far distant. It becomes the minister of to-day to enter the great world of progress whether in our own or in heathen lands. As patriots, Christians must enter with the standard of the cross every field over which waves their country's flag.

The minister of to-day is under obligation to the

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great philanthropic movements of our time. This is so self-evident that I need not enlarge upon it.

It may be asked, How are these things related to the supreme purpose for which the church is instituted, namely, that of saving men? The relation is this: Christianity saves not only the soul, but the complete man; it saves him, soul, body and spirit; it saves his whole nature, his entire personality. It saves him in this world, it saves him in the world to come. The obligation, then, of the church is to use all the powers committed to her for the highest purposes. There must be in the true church no unused faculties, no unemployed opportunities. She must connect herself first of all, and in a sense including all, with the proclamation of the gospel. There is no land that she must not penetrate; there must be no individual to whom she does not tell the story of redemption. There must be no mistake as to the nature of the story she is to tell. The great doctrine, salvation by faith only, must be proclaimed and insisted upon. But with this, and in order to this, she must be broad enough to touch every interest which has to do with the moral and spiritual upbuilding of humanity. All this she is bound to perform in strict conformity with the maintenance of her historic usages and traditions. The Methodist Episcopal Church has her peculiarities. She has methods of work which she must not forsake. She has her

primary aims, which must not be set aside. Her revivals of vital, personal religion must ever be her glory and her joy. She must maintain these fundamental characteristics and at the same time advance her people in everything connected with human progress.

I said in the beginning that I would regard Paul as a type of the minister of to-day. A study of the history of Paul will show that every one of these obligations was fully met in his own case. When he said, "I am debtor to Greeks and Barbarians, to wise and unwise," in other words that he was debtor to all languages, to all philosophies and to all men, he expressed merely the world wideness and the breadth of his life and work. How fully he *unfolded the doctrine of salvation*. The epistle from which the text is taken, that marvelous Epistle to the Romans, the masterpiece of the great apostle, is simply an exposition of the word salvation. Paul is the great expounder of the teachings of Christ and in this epistle he has illustrated most wonderfully his obligation to maintain in the world the great doctrine of salvation. He was also under obligation *to the scholarship of his times*. It will be remembered in one of his epistles when he indicated the things that were to be brought to him, he especially asked for the parchments. He could not get along without the manuscripts of the sacred Scriptures of which he was a critical stu-

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dent. He himself was an example of the best scholarship of his time and met the various questions which were raised in his time with all the acuteness of the critical scholar. We may note also his *attitude toward the culture of his times*. When he stood before the people of Athens who in the midst of the heathen temples worshiped "the unknown god," he said to them, "whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." He poured not contempt upon the culture of his time but would ennoble it, and point through it to the deeper and nobler traits that lay beyond. *The ethical teachings of the apostle, next to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount*, are the noblest expressions of the moral life of the world. Humanity in its ablest representatives has never passed beyond the moral teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles. The ethical ideals which the minister of to-day proclaims to others must be the moral standard by which he himself will be judged.

No people will allow, nor should they allow, one who does not exhibit in his own life the best ideals of human character to speak to them on these important subjects. They will pardon weaknesses; they will pardon mistakes; but they will not pardon weakness of moral character. Life is the highest teaching, and more than any words he may utter will be the life that he lives. He must be able to say with Paul, "Follow me as I follow Christ."

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The ideal to which he must ever point and by which he must test his own life is that of the Master whose minister he is. Anything less than this will not be in harmony with his high calling. The age is emphatically an ethical age, and those who proclaim the teaching of Christ should be its noblest exemplars, and this much the church and the world demand.

What message then had Paul to the sinning world of his time? "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." What message had Paul to the scholarly world of his time? "For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." What message had Paul for the world of literature and art in which they gloried? "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Speaking to cultured Corinth, he said: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." What message had Paul for the social life of his time? "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." What message had Paul for the ethical life of his time? At the close of his matchless argument on the great plan of salvation he exclaimed, "O the

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depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Then he turns to his ethical discussion with these remarkable words, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." The world is growing older, but its needs remain the same. We ask ourselves what message would the great apostle give if he were here to-day. It would, I think, be the same message which he gave to the sinning, sorrowing world of his time, and to those who had been trained in the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle. He would tell us the old, old story of salvation through a crucified and risen Christ. That story will never grow old. It will never cease to stir and renew the hearts of men. The preacher of to-day is under obligation to bear the same old message, which is ever new, to all languages, to all nations, to all culture, and thus hasten the return of this lost world to God.

If I were to give a word of practical advice to you, my young brethren, ere you go forth from this

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institution in which you have spent the years of your professional training for the ministry, it would be:

1. You should be broad. Remember that you are related first of all to the church which you serve, but you are related to all the churches and to the world. You are related to its best thought and its most progressive movements. You must be men of to-day and nothing that pertains to humanity or its progress will be indifferent to you. You will sympathize with the suffering and labor for the lowest, but you will not forget the great world of science, and literature, and art which is so closely related to the destinies of mankind. You will see to it that literature shall be ennobling; that art shall be elevating; that all that is low and base shall be overthrown; that all that is beautiful and true shall be promoted.

2. I would also urge upon you that you should be men of convictions. The world will never be saved by negations. He will be an inefficient minister in this age who has no positive truth to proclaim to men. If you have no "sure word of prophecy" you have no message to the age in which you live.

3. I would urge upon you further that you lay secure foundations by your labors for the future triumphs in the kingdom of God. You must be men of the present but men whose vision reaches

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the far-off future. You are working for the future. You should leave something which shall abide when you are no more here. I beseech you to shun that which men so often seek, viz: the desire for temporary applause. The shouts of the multitude rapidly change from applause to censure. Do something that shall live after you. If you can do nothing else, plant a tree in the parsonage garden which shall bear fruit when you are gone. The mighty men of the past still live. Moses is dead but Moses still lives in the Moral Law which was promulgated on Sinai. Isaiah is dead, but his pictures of the coming kingdom live to-day in the splendors of his prophetic imagery. John is dead but the love which he breathed in his words, and in his life, has lived on in millions of the followers of Christ ever since. Paul is dead but the doctrines which he formulated are still the creed of the Christian Church, and I trust will be its creed during the coming centuries. The founders of the great missionary enterprise are gone but the great movement for the world's salvation has gone forward with ever increasing strength. Those who have wrought in this seminary and whom we remember to-day with tender affection are gone but their influence is still over us.

There is, I know, one name in all our hearts to-day. Our dear and honored Dr. Upham who for nearly twenty-four years has gone in and out be-

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fore us has passed away, but his memory and his influence abide in all our hearts and will abide there always. I do not recall that he was ever absent from these Commencement exercises during the long years of his faithful service. He wrought so nobly, and loved so tenderly, and taught so effectually, and lived so beautifully, now that he has passed to the blessed life beyond, we feel the unseen presence, and in our hearts hear his gentle voice calling us to our high and holy duties. You who have sat at his feet, and listened to his teachings, will cherish his words and his life as a precious heritage, and we will all go forward to life's work inspired by his noble example.

Young brethren, yours is a great opportunity. You greet a new century at its opening. My earnest and best wish for you, and my expectation as well, is that you will prove worthy of the high calling to which you have consecrated your lives. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

THE WORK OF HUMAN SALVATION

BY

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CLASS OF 1869

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Phil. 2. 12, 13. "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

WORK out your own salvation, for it is God which worketh in you. This text seems to strike the golden mean between two extreme views that have been held respecting the work of human salvation. The advocates of one view claim that it is exclusively man's work—a work of reformation. They take the first clause of the text, "Work out your own salvation," and go no farther. It has seemed to them that, if God comes in with his resistless power to aid men and save them, he must somehow infringe on their freedom. An extreme view of human freedom has led them to the belief that men can work out their own salvation without any help from God.

The advocates of the opposite view have held that God does all the work of human salvation and man nothing. They deny human freedom in any true sense of the term. God controls the human mind, and absolutely determines the action of every faculty, so that man has nothing to do; he is simply passive, to be operated upon as God pleases.

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While the former view magnified human freedom so as to deny all influence from God, this view destroys human freedom, and makes God play on the keys of the human mind as a man plays on a piano.

The one view is as much an error as the other. The truth is found in the middle-ground between them. God influences man, and still man is free. In the work of human salvation there is something for God to do, and something for man to do. Man has not an absolute but a qualified freedom. We are to work out our own salvation, and still God is to work in us.

When we attempt to draw the line between God's work and man's work we are brought face to face with the difficult problem of the text. What is God to do in this work of human salvation, and what is man to do? How, and to what extent, does God work in us to bring about the great renovation which is called salvation? To what extent is the human mind free, and to what extent is it under the control of God? Where does God's work end and our responsibility begin?

These are the difficult and important questions, and we cannot hope to give them a complete answer; but we are compelled to brood over them and find some measure of satisfaction. In searching for an answer we must study the human mind in its various operations, for human salvation is largely a psychological problem.

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The human mind is, of course, a unit, and yet we find it exerting itself in different directions. It is capable of distinct acts, and so, for purposes of analysis, it is said to possess certain faculties. The human mind seems capable of only three kinds of acts, thinking, feeling, and willing, and so it is said to possess three faculties: the intellect, the sensibility, and the will. Each of these faculties stands for a particular kind of mental operation—the intellect for thinking, the sensibility for feeling, and the will for willing. It is necessary to determine whether the mind is free in performing these various kinds of acts.

Take first the intellect. This is the faculty that thinks, reasons, judges, knows. For instance, a loaf of bread lies on a table before us. The intellect fixes its attention on it, and carries on a mental process with regard to it. It determines its size, shape, color. A process of reasoning is carried on with reference to it. The intellect settles the fact that the bread was once flour, and determines whether it was wheat or rye flour; and that flour was once grain, and the grain was once a green blade growing in the ground.

Now, is the mind free in this process? In other words, can we think what we please about that loaf of bread? No; we must think just what *is*, and nothing more. If it is square we cannot think it round though we may wish to do so. If it is brown

we cannot think it white; we must think it brown, as it is, in spite of ourselves. If it is bread we cannot think it wood or stone. The mind is not free to think of things otherwise than as they are, or as it sees them to be. We cannot think a cow is a horse if we try. The mind has no power to think that a circle is a square. And though in his business transactions a man may try to make himself and his neighbor believe that two and two are five, yet he can never compel the human intellect to assent to this proposition. Two and two make four in spite of us.

Cousin speaks as follows: "Undoubtedly different intellects, or the same intellect at different times, may sometimes pass different judgments in regard to the same thing. Sometimes it may be deceived; it will judge that which is false to be true, the good to be bad, etc., but at the moment it judges it is not in the power of the intellect to pass any other judgment than that it passes. It obeys laws it did not make. It yields to motives that determine it independent of the will. In a word, the phenomenon of intelligence, comprehending, judging, knowing, thinking, is marked by the characteristic of necessity."

We are all conscious of the fact that the intellect is not free; we cannot think of things otherwise than as we do think, unless we get some new light. If freedom exists in the human mind it must be

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elsewhere than in the intellect. God controls the process of thinking by laws that he himself has made, and that are absolute in their sway. And we may be glad that this is true. We would be in a sad plight indeed if at will we could believe that two and two make five, or seven.

Let us now turn to the second faculty of the mind, the sensibility. This is the faculty which covers the ground of the feelings, the desires, the passions, the longings—the emotions of the mind, by whatever name we choose to call them. Under the head of the sensibility may be ranked the love of parents for their children and children for their parents, the yearnings for companionship, the feeling of pity or of pleasure, the emotions of beauty, grandeur and sublimity, the love of truth, the powerful emotion which we call conscience, and many more.

We may ask ourselves whether we are free in these particulars, and our own consciousness will give us a complete answer. We have learned that these things are beyond our control. These desires, and emotions, and feelings will rise up in spite of us and clamor for gratification. We may refuse to gratify them, and hold them in check, but we cannot silence them. If we see one of our fellows in great agony or distress we can no more help pitying him than we can help breathing the air of heaven. When we see a great wrong done to a fel-

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low man, a feeling of righteous indignation will boil up in our breasts and we have no power to make it otherwise. A person who is incapable of such indignation is something less than a man. The mother cannot help loving her child. It is no merit of hers that she loves it; that love is a natural instinct which she cannot control, and if any mother is destitute of such a love it only proves that she is an exception to her race. If we do a mean thing it is not in our power to be complacent over it. If we stand on a hilltop and overlook a vast stretch of lake and mountain scenery it is not for us to say whether emotions of beauty shall be stirred in our breasts.

Here then is a second faculty of the mind which is not free; another department of our being which the Almighty God retains under his own control; still another set of strings belonging to this complex harp which none but the fingers of Deity may sweep.

Let us now turn to the third and last faculty of the mind, the will. This is the faculty that decides, chooses, prefers, acts, performs, and our consciousness teaches us that the mind in these operations has a measure of freedom. Do we not choose our food and clothing, choose our companions and friends, choose our books and sports and amusements, choose our profession and place of residence and church relations, choose whether

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we will serve the Lord or serve the world? We are living lives of absolute delusion if we are not free to choose these things for ourselves. Our thoughts are not under our control, our emotions come and go in spite of us, but we choose for ourselves, we act according to our own liking. In thinking the mind is in a passive state and is acted upon by laws outside of itself. In feeling the mind is likewise passive, and is swayed by influences which it cannot control. But in willing there is a positive act which we are conscious we perform ourselves; and in the will we find the part of man that is free, in the will our responsibility begins.

Dr. Mark Hopkins thus states the relation of these three faculties of the mind to each other: "Without the intellect there is no light, without the sensibility there is no motive. As distinguished from mere impulse, rational will involves rational choice; but without the intellect there can be no rationality, and without the sensibility there can be nothing to choose. With these we have all that we need, not as a cause, but as a condition for the will. We mean by will that constituent of man's being by which he is capable of free action, knowing himself to be thus capable."

Take an illustration of the operation of these three faculties of the mind—a scene which was very familiar during our civil war. A company of men are listening to an orator. A recruiting of-

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fice has been opened. The men are not to be drafted but they are asked to volunteer, to choose for themselves. The orator commences by gaining their assent to the fact that Fort Sumter has been fired on and captured. He tells them it is rebellion, and their intellects give an unquestioning assent. He tells them that rebellion must be put down, that our country must be saved or our homes and property will be worthless. He makes an argument in favor of the war, and carries his audience with him; their intellects assent to all he says, otherwise he cannot influence them.

Then, after having compelled the assent of their intellects, he makes an appeal to their feelings. He tells them how noble a thing it is to defend one's country, and a feeling of patriotism is awakened. He pictures the cruelties practised in southern prison pens, and arouses a righteous indignation. He tells tales of the heroism and sufferings of their brethren in the field, and melts his audience to tears.

He has satisfied their intellects, and stirred their feelings, and this in spite of themselves. They could not help assenting and feeling. But what next? Does he go any farther? Does he enlist for them? No, *they* must do the rest. He simply asks them: "Will you enlist? Will you?" They must choose for themselves.

If they all shake their heads and go home, we

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say that their tears and huzzahs were very cheap. Why? Because their intellects were satisfied and their feelings stirred without any choice of their own. But they could say whether they would enlist or not, and here their merit or demerit commenced.

And this may give us the true view of religion. It is not religion to think aright, to have grand thoughts of God and heaven and human duty, to reason nobly respecting systems of theology, for our thoughts are not under our control. It is no virtue of ours to have great thoughts, or fault of ours to lack them. God controls this department of mind, and gives us such power of thought as he deems best.

Nor is it religion to feel well, to have good desires and noble longings, to have the emotions stirred by glowing pictures and pathetic tales, to weep or sigh, or laugh, or groan, or yield to any of the impulses or emotions of the mind, for these things are governed by influences outside of ourselves. God may give us large capacity for thinking, or feeling, or small capacity, we have no responsibility in the matter. These are neither our virtue nor our vice. Some of the worst men have had the largest power of thought and feeling, and some of the best men have had the smallest.

But true religion is a thing of the will. It is not to think right, or to feel right, but to will right, to

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choose right, to act right. Right thoughts and right feelings are good if they lead to right willing and right doing, but they have no merit in themselves. And God, controlling these two faculties of the mind, gives us right thoughts and right feelings in order that we may be prompted to will right and to do right; and when God operates normally on intellect and feelings we have the power to choose for ourselves.

God moves upon those departments of mind that are under his control so as to prompt us and help us to exercise wisely the one faculty which he has placed in our own power. All his dealings with men are to this effect. He purposes largely to save men through the foolishness of preaching; and unquestionably the model sermon must undertake to reach men just as God undertakes to reach them. The successful preacher must address the gospel to those faculties of the mind which God has retained under his own control. The model sermon must address itself to both the intellect and the feelings.

And it will be found that most sermons shape themselves after this order. The preacher first explains the meaning of the text and unfolds its teachings; he presents the great truths of the gospel and reasons out their claims on our consideration; he points out, in the light of Scripture, our evident duty, and gains our assent to all these

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things. He first addresses himself to the intellect and presents reasons which control its action; and unless he can control our intellects he can have no influence over us.

Then he addresses himself to the sensibilities, and stirs the feelings and emotions of the soul. He pictures the love of Christ to awaken our sympathies; he dwells on the glories of heaven to arouse the emotions of grandeur and beauty; he speaks of the loved ones gone before that our natural affection may be an instrumentality to lead us to Christ; he does not disdain to touch any chord of the human soul which God has seen fit to place in man and to touch himself.

And when the preacher has gone over the ground of those faculties that God himself controls, can he go any farther? Can he do any more? Can he choose for us? No; he must stop here. He has no power to determine the choice of the will. He can only say to men: "Will you come to Christ? Will you enlist under the banner of King Emmanuel?" God himself will go no farther than this; and it is only God operating on the minds of men through the instrumentality of the preacher.

And when God's Spirit more directly and manifestly undertakes to produce conviction in the human mind the method is the same. This blessed Spirit first *convinces* men of sin, righteousness, and judgment; he first satisfies the intellects of

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men that they ought to be Christians. Then he moves mightily on their feelings, awakening hope, fear, longing, desire, until men can sometimes hardly contain themselves, they are under such power of conviction. But he never goes farther; he never undertakes to control the choice of the will. However much God may do for us he always leaves something for us to do. The fingers of the Almighty may sweep the strings of the intellect and emotions, awakening a blissful melody of right thoughts and right feelings, but the strings of the will must forever remain silent until they are touched by human fingers; and these human fingers, if they will, may stir sweet music there in full harmony with the lofty melody which God's own fingers awaken in the soul of man. The proper melody of the human soul is a duet—God plays his part, and we must play our part in harmony with him or there will be eternal discord.

In answer to the question whether the cup of life had more of sweet than sour the poet says:

“If most was sour the drinker, not
The cup, we blame. Each in himself the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter: hence from out the selfsame font
One nectar drank, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the selfsame quarter of the sky
One saw ten thousand angels look and smile,
Another saw as many demons frown.
One discord heard, where harmony inclined
Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste;

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The beauty in the eye; and in the ear
The melody; and in the man—for God
Necessity of sinning laid on none—
To form the taste, to purify the eye,
And turn the ear, that all he tasted, saw,
Or heard, might be harmonious; sweet, and fair.
Who would might groan; who would might sing for joy."

Let us return now to our text, although we have not been far from it: "Work out your own salvation—for it is God which worketh in you."

It is evident that in these minds of ours there is a place for God to work, and a place for us to work; and God is ceaselessly doing his work and giving us ability to do ours. He has worked within us the power to will and to do, and he only asks that we will right and do right.

And the solemn thought confronts us that in the case of the most of men in this Christian land God has fully done his part, all in kind that he ever will do, and the reason they are not saved is because they have not done their part. We are a Christian people; God has enlightened our understandings by his Spirit and his Word; we have an open Bible, and the evidences are so overpowering that we cannot but believe that the Bible is the word of God. And we know what that Bible teaches; we have had the advantages of Sabbath school teaching and gospel preaching. God has been laboring with our intellects from childhood to make it impossible for us to believe anything but the truth; and we stand to-day in the position

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of those who know their duty. God has fully done his part in controlling our intellects so that we have right thoughts on this great subject.

And God has not left our hearts sluggish and indifferent. He has moved on our feelings in various ways. His spirit has directly stirred our hearts; the beauties of nature have thrilled our souls and lifted them heavenward; God's boundless goodness has awakened our gratitude; the loss of loved ones has given us a longing for the better country; the sufferings of Christ have melted our hearts and awakened our love. In a thousand ways God's fingers have touched the strings of intellect and heart until our entire beings have thrilled with a divine influence. And then while under that influence God has said to us: "Now choose Christ; now accept of salvation;" and too many of us have not yet done it.

Is it not a solemn thought that God has done all that can be done for men in this Christian country? He has used and is using upon them all the influences that he ever employs and yet many wills are stubborn. He is saying to them: "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?" Do men expect God to do any more? Are they hoping for any further influences? Do they not feel that it only remains for them to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling since God is working within them?

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The trouble is that men resist God's gracious influences, and the longer they resist the greater their power of resistance becomes. And they can resist all the influences that God ever employs. Not that God might not compel men to yield, but he does not choose to compel them.

I have seen a man take hold of the handles of a galvanic battery, and the first passage of the electric current made him twist and writhe like a wounded snake. He was almost ready to cry "Enough." But he was a man of resolute will and steady nerve, and he held on while the current was increased little by little, until at last he could withstand the full power of the machine, and could smile at the weak ones who cried "Enough."

And so men resist God, and grow strong in resisting, until they can withstand all the influences that he ever brings to bear on intellect and feelings. They take hold of God by these two handles, the intellect and sensibility, and down through these channels God pours all of heaven's blessed, saving influences upon them, and they resist them all and go on in the ways of sin. I have known men to boast of the number of revival meetings they had gone through without yielding to Christ. When God's servants were exhorting and urging them to come to Christ they would smile in their faces and say: "We have seen it hotter than this." One man who said this lived twenty years after-

wards, and there were no influences brought to bear upon him that he did not withstand to the very last.

There are many persons in this Christian land who have for years successfully resisted the influences that God brings to bear on intellect and sensibility. In spite of right thoughts and right feelings they have chosen wrong and done wrong. The fact that they are unsaved proves that they have successfully resisted God all these years. He has not wanted them to live in sin for so long a time. They are unsaved in spite of all that God has done to save them. And if they have resisted God in the past they can resist him in the future. He is using upon them all the instrumentalities which he ever employs. He will never do more for them than he is doing—he may do less. They may be lost in spite of all that God ever has done or ever will do to save them. Perhaps the most oppressive thought that burdens the human soul is just this, that men can successfully resist all of God's gracious efforts to save them.

If I have succeeded in awakening in any minds the conviction that men largely carry their destinies in their own hands, my purpose has been accomplished.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT

BY

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CLASS OF 1874

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Exod. 1. 13. "And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour."

THE purpose of the Book of Exodus is partly historical and partly spiritual. As a history, it aims to trace the deliverance of enslaved Israel by the power of God. But within that history is another purpose, to trace the deliverance of an enslaved soul from its bondage in sin into the perfect liberty of the children of God: and furthermore to track its career through this wilderness world to its God-prepared country in the heavens.

Such is the minute analogy between the historical exodus and the spiritual as to force the conviction that it was designed. Why not? God avowedly fashioned the heavens "to show forth his glory." He made our earthly relationships, such as fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood, etc., to make clear to us our spiritual relationships, which would have been inexplicable mysteries and incredible only for the familiar facts in our daily life. We are expressly taught that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Why then should he not make the his-

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tory of the revelation people, whom he specially called that he might through them give to the world heavenly truth, a parable of the soul's history to the end of time? Such he has done. Here we have a history within a history. The story of the Exodus is a panorama of things more tremendous than the Exodus itself. Its persons and events are symbols and types of the movements of divine grace in the human soul. "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." (1 Cor. 10. 11.)

Egypt stands among the nations of the Bible story as a type of this world. When I say type, I do not mean simply that it was an illustration or a particular instance of the world life. That may be said of Rome, or America, or any other great country. But it was a prearranged fact, designed for that very purpose. What God said of Egypt's king is true also of the land he ruled: "And in very deed for this cause have I raised thee up, for to show in thee my power; and that my name be declared through all the earth." Just as Babylon was a type of spiritual wickedness, and as Jerusalem was a type of the mystical church, so Egypt was a type of this world. There we see in clear outline the character, the methods and the end of that thing, so hard to define and yet so real, which we call "the world."

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Paul speaks of it as "this present evil world." I suppose he calls it "this present" world because, though we are here for awhile, it is not our true home. Like Israel in Egypt we believe that we are not here to stay. There is a land far away which God holds in reserve for us. It is called "evil" because he who limits his love and purpose to the present has narrowed the breadth of his manhood and has perverted the very thing he has. The present must be throbbing with the vision of the future, else it loses its significance and becomes evil.

First of all, let us note a few of the characteristic features of Egypt at the time of Israel's bondage, and see how they image the chief elements of the world. They are teeming industry, imposing art, intellectual culture, stimulating pleasure, magnificence of religion. When we have studied these somewhat in detail, let us notice the effect of all this on the spiritual part—bondage. "They made Israel to serve with rigour."

I. THE CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF EGYPT AS A TYPE OF THIS WORLD are:

1. *Teeming industry.* If we could travel back three thousand six hundred years and visit Egypt, as it was when Israel was there in bondage, we would probably be impressed first of all with the bustling activity of this oldest existing and most powerful civilization of the world. Sailing up the

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green waters of the Nile we would for the time forget its history, although it is as thrilling as romance itself; for the first thing to attract our eye would be its stirring commerce. Ships from the great sea are anchored there: some of them from far-off India, having come through the great canal which at that time corresponded almost exactly with the modern one. Boats from the cataracts there discharge their cargoes upon the low banks of the river. Everywhere we hear the shout of busy men, sailors, stevedores, merchants, passengers. On either side we see the emerald and yellow fields threaded with canals for purposes of irrigation, extending on to the seared rocks which mark the beginning of the desert. Egypt at the time of which we speak was the garden of the world; and with an area but little larger than that of New Hampshire, supported nearly two thousand towns and villages, and such immense cities as Heliopolis, Memphis and Thebes. And it had a population of eight million souls.

It was not only the garden, it was the factory of the world. A tourist ascending the river would notice a thousand smoking chimneys, telling of many and immense industries in iron, brass, gold, linen and glass. It was also the world's financial center. Around the banks and brokers' offices of Memphis the mighty wheel of universal commerce revolved.

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We all know what that means; for centuries and geography make no differences in the essentials of human nature. The whirl of commerce is intense and absorbing. Its movement is like that of the Maelstrom. On the outer circle is delightful sailing. The next exhilarates. Swirling on the next, we feel the pulse of intense life. The next hurls us beyond the power of return. The next is the plunge of death. I would not condemn commerce as such, but he is dull indeed who has not noticed how quickly it blunts the finer sensibilities and blinds the spirit's eye. There is no movement of the soul more diametrically opposite that of the heavenly, and none more blinding and hopeless, than that of greed. Egypt in the splendor of her material luxury was reeling on the edge of an abysm of spiritual woe.

Another effect of this vast wealth of Egypt I am compelled to name. The tendency of wealth is accumulation. It has affinity for itself. It combines. It absorbs. The big fish swallow the little fish. That tendency, protected as it was for centuries by a strong and steady government, finally brought the entire wealth of the nation into the possession of a single race, the priestly and royal order. The government of Egypt owned all the land and all the industries. The people became practically, and in many instances actually, slaves of the Pharaohs. The Israelites were all slaves.

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When one allows his spirit to come into bondage to his appetites it is an easy thing for him to surrender his nobler part, conscience, thought and every divine thing to him who can minister to those appetites. Formerly, when Israel loved right and God above material good, he could not be enslaved. They could bind him with cords and cast him in a dungeon; but even there he was a prince in spirit, and because of that he soon became a prince in fact. But later, when Israel hungered for the fish, and melons, and leeks, and onions of Egypt, he was already a slave in spirit, and soon became so in fact.

From all this we learn that the world spirit is not the true soil for the growth of the divine life. There is a singular prophecy of Jesus, "Out of Egypt have I called my son," which has a larger significance than most men see. Put the emphasis on "*out of*" and you have it. The Christian cannot develop into the divine man when living in sympathetic contact with the world spirit. Hence "out of Egypt have I called him." It seems that the spiritual race was brought again and again into union with Egypt to emphasize the fact that its divinity cannot flourish there. When Israel went to that delightful country they settled down to stay; for "their lines had fallen to them in pleasant places." It was fatal. The sons of God became slaves. The divine nature is sure to come into dis-

graceful loss when it seeks rest in luxurious worldliness. Before that Abraham, called to be the father of the faithful, went down into Egypt and was worried till he returned to Canaan, the only field for the growth of the spiritual life.

2. A second feature of Egypt as a type of this world is its *magnificence of art*. Egypt has been called "the mother of art" though it unquestionably got its artistic impulse and its models from the ancient Babylonia. Nevertheless it is a fact that centuries before Greece began its brilliant history this old land was glorious with temples and statuary and paintings. Look at it as Moses saw it sixteen centuries before the birth of Christ.

There was the city of Heliopolis, the seat of the university of Egypt, where the great lawgiver was educated and where, long after, Plato studied. There were long avenues guarded on either hand by colossal sphinxes. There were forests of obelisks glistening like crystallized sunbeams, which they were supposed to represent. There were doors of engraved brass and walls covered with sculpture in bas-relief, very like the later Etruscan and Grecian work. There were statues and pictures which, centuries later, greedy nations carried across the seas to adorn the palaces of Augustus in Rome and Constantine in the city of the Bosphorus. Some of their monoliths stand in the parks of Paris, London and New York.

Ten miles up the river was Memphis, already hoary with a thousand years. There were enormous works of art, among them one statue of the great Rameses made of a single stone weighing nine thousand tons, which now lies prone on the sandy waste. Farther up the river is "hundred-gated Thebes" of which Homer sang and Herodotus wrote, the origin of which is lost in the mists of the far-off past, but which like Athens in its palmy days was one vast museum of art.

Across the river from Memphis are still standing those stupendous structures of which one has said, "Time mocks all things, but the pyramids mock Time." Amid them sits in awful grandeur that most solemn of all the monuments of history, the Sphinx, a lion's body nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, chiseled out of the living rock, and lifting its human head in grim majesty sixty-five feet above the plain. Its immense forepaws are stretched out in front fifty feet and embrace an enclosure where is erected a sanctuary.

Can I picture the august majesty of the temples which are built along the river? You pass between two towering statues, like those of Memnon which still stand elevated sixty feet above the river. You walk along broad paved walks, like that from Karnak to Luxor, four miles long. On either side sat the solemn sphinxes amid the crystalline obelisks. At either end were monster temples with

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sloping walls and overhanging cornices covered with brilliantly colored intaglios, and the doors guarded with giant statues of the emperor god. From slender poles long streamers of crimson and yellow were flung to the winds. If we were permitted to enter the holy house, it would impress us as a dense cypress forest at sunset. Monster columns covered with brilliant hieroglyphs cast the blackest shadows across the vacant spaces. Man's presence sinks into insignificance. I need not describe the interior of the temple, but will only say that in respect to power and solemnity Egyptian art has never been surpassed. The effect of this feature of the great world on Israel was that it charmed the people of God into idolatry. How tame their simple patriarchal religion must have seemed to them in the brickyards of Goshen, with no temples, no priests, no altars, no images, no pageantry, only an invisible God and a holy life, and a hope long deferred. And all about them was this magnificence of an artistic religion. I do not suppose that the Israelites at first worshiped Egypt's gods; but trying to image their own Hebrew ideas under the influence of Egyptian art they fell into an idolatry of their own. In Joshua 24. 14 and in Ezekiel 20. 8 we are distinctly told that they did finally go over to the foreign idolatry. We know how at the base of Sinai they actually made a golden calf and danced their idolatrous worship.

Brothers, it is hardly necessary for me to affirm that I am a friend of art. I would not lift my hammer against the creations of beauty. Indeed the Christian spirit awakens the sense of the beautiful; and art never reached loftier heights in portraying the beautiful in architecture, poetry, painting and music than when lifted on the wings of Christian inspiration. But art is not religion. And when we make religion an art it is idolatry. *Æstheticism* is not virtue. Indeed it may be a lovely garb that clothes the rankest infamy. And the danger of spiritual Israel to-day in this splendid world is that its artistic charms may lead us into idolatry and licentiousness. Michael Angelo in his sonnet to Vasari says, "Form and color cannot give true peace to the mind; it seeks that Love which stretched out its arms to lift us up."

3. Another feature of Egypt as a type of this world was its *intellectual culture*. The story of the "wisdom of Egypt" is often told. We have already spoken of its school at Heliopolis. We know that Plato went there to study philosophy four centuries before Christ. Herodotus, Thales and Solon were there much earlier. For many years Egypt provided the leading minds of the world. It gave the world its ideas and disengaged its forces. In mechanical science, anatomy, medicine, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, music and philosophy, that land reached a position that excites the admiration and even the wonder of our times.

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But as this knowledge was sacredly confined to the few, and with a single exception not communicated to Israelites, the effect of it on them was to strengthen their bonds. Mind is mightier than brawn. The learned few used their knowledge to practise false miracles and magic arts and play upon the imagination and fears of a superstitious people. By their devices the priests made the people slaves, and used them to gratify their lust for power and wealth. Even to-day knowledge, unless made the servant of the spiritual man, will soon become the taskmaster. There is many a man among us whose divinity is enslaved and the cords that bind him are his knowledge. It is germane to our purpose to inquire how this world-wisdom affected Egypt. The wisest in the land seemed to know that while knowledge was a divine gift it was fraught with peril, and only those who were prepared by a previous moral training could safely be entrusted with the sacred fire. Hence for many years it was kept an inviolate secret from all save those who were supposed to be qualified by a severe and protracted novitiate, the chief feature of which was the moral test.

And in this the Egyptians were certainly correct. Unless knowledge is built on a foundation of moral character, it is like a house built on the sand. Sooner or later "great will be the fall of it."

Another thing those Egyptians must have

known—for they had before them the history of the buried Asiatic civilizations which recent excavations are disclosing to us—namely, that unless the human intellect is vitalized by moral character it soon reaches a limit beyond which it cannot go. That was so in Babylonia. It was so in Egypt and later it was so in Greece and Rome. Among all these peoples and others besides, intellect was most vital when the nation was aspiring most deeply for the divine; and when its faith faltered its literature declined. It is often remarked that Homer, Plato, Cicero and Seneca reached the highest level that the mind of man, of its own natural vigor, can possibly attain. Beyond them the pagan world has never gone, and the reason is its want of vitalizing power. World-wisdom, understanding by that knowledge not saturated by moral character, suffers a limited development. Then when truth has lost its freshness the natural mind seeks to quicken it anew by the infusion of its own filth. In our day it is called realism; but it is the infection of fleshly lust doubly bestialized by its wanton publicity. The play of passion is mistaken for genius and the imperial intellect is debauched.

Happy would it have been for Egypt if it had laid this principle to heart. To lead the ages by furnishing the world with its ideas it must keep its mind clean. Otherwise its very knowledge will become stiff bands to choke out its life.

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But out of Egypt's schools there came one, versed in all its wisdom, who had also the intuition of God. He was the man who furnished the thought which vitalized the dead world because it quivered in every fiber with "Holiness to the Lord."

4. Another feature of the world life of Egypt was *stimulating pleasure*. It is commonly thought that life in Egypt was somber, centering in the mummy and circulating about the sepulcher. But that is a mistake. Those who know that country best describe it as peculiarly gay, like Greece in its strength, or Rome when the entire world poured its treasures into its lap, or like Paris in the time of its luxuriance. Excepting in the neighborhood of the sanctuary and the tomb, the entire land was brilliant with music, banquet, dress, equipage, games. The land was reeling in the intoxication of pleasure. It is everywhere a characteristic symptom of a decaying heart.

I have used the qualifying word *stimulating* to characterize the pleasure which is of this world. To condemn pleasure as a thing unholy, or even as a thing not helpful to the higher life of the spirit, is to condemn that which nature, the word of God and the richest Christian experience approve. All nature tumultuously struggles for the best that is in it, and when it achieves it pours itself out in color or shout of joy. The rose pants to produce itself in fullness, then breathes out its happiness in

color and fragrance. The bird in the fullness of its life warbles out its joyful song. The nature of the human heart is such that it demands pleasure. The attempt to suppress it is sure to result in one or both of two things: a powerful revolt from the unnatural bands and a headlong plunge into the thing forbidden, as the river dammed only adds to the torrent's power, or there will be a deadly restraint of powers that ought to have free expression in order to the fullest manhood; just as monasticism, with its unnatural deprivations, degrades rather than exalts manhood. We are thus driven to the conclusion that pleasure is not only lawful, but that it is also mandatory. The unhappy man is not the truest man. Where that is the habitual condition we may be sure that something is awry.

In accord with the voice of nature is that of Scripture. While the Bible grapples with the dreadful problem of sin, and reaches down into the depths of a fallen world's woe, it bubbles over with joy. It is the gladdest book ever given to the world. The Old Testament is not a gloomy cult overshadowed by the thunderclouds of Sinai: its very law enjoins gladness. (Deut. 28. 47, 48.) As to the New Testament, it is the "gospel," which means *glad tidings*.

It is not then a question whether we shall have pleasure or not, but what our pleasure shall be. If

it be in the things of the spirit's true unfolding, then it is healthful and satisfying. But if it be an effort to fill the soul's great want by ministering to it through the appetites, then two things will result. First, pleasure stimulates without feeding: it drives to excess for the reason that it does not satisfy. Then, secondly, all excess tends to death. It exhausts rather than builds up. It destroys the very power of enjoyment itself. No men are so miserable as the pleasure seeker. It was so in Egypt. All that luxurious gayety failed to hide the grinning skeleton which it robed.

5. A fifth feature of world life is *magnificence of religion*.

The world must have its religion: for the religious sense is instinctive and therefore universal. Atheism is as unnatural as love of death. If it exists at all, it is in very exceptional cases, and then only by an effort, and usually a desperate effort, of will. Even in these exceptional instances, it totters like a spinning top when the originating impulse is about exhausted. The world can distort, but it cannot obliterate the god-factor which is an essential feature of human nature. When thus distorted, it may become a degrading superstition, or a darkening metaphysical intellectualism, or a showy æstheticism with magnificent pageantry of worship and splendor of art and song. In Egypt all these things were in evidence; but more espe-

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cially the third. If one seeking to find expression for his deepest religious feeling could witness one of the temple functions of this historic land, he would undoubtedly give his testimony, "This is divine." Let him lie prostrate on the sacred pavement within the shadow of the temple walls, the solemn sphinxes looking over him into the immensities, the long procession of the white-robed priests chanting holy song, breathing into the hour the breath of the ages past, the skilled musicians thrumming their instruments, filling the air with quivering harmonies till the soul of the worshiper is elevated from out of the noise of this restless life into the profound hush of the immeasurable. No human argument could convince him that that was not of God.

Nor do we deny that, in some measure at least, his faith is correct. There is more than a modicum of truth in the old Greek aphorism that the beautiful is the true, and a genuine love of beauty is love of God. The æsthetic sense is closely akin to the spiritual. Hence the great poets, musicians, painters, architects who can embody our deepest feelings, which otherwise would be vague and meaningless, and thus give them adequate outlet, are by universal assent called priests and prophets of God.

And this is more particularly true of those artists who have creative power, and can take us deeper into ourselves and make clear those spirit-

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ual mysteries which we have felt, but cannot interpret. Here lies the power as also the peril of the ritual which is a piece of art. That which was once a creative energy and a channel over which religious feeling might flow may, by the fact that it *is* art, become the force to suppress the very thing which it is supposed to create.

The old artists who could appreciate the creative spirit of Raphael thought to perpetuate that spirit by reducing the principles involved in the paintings of his school, to certain fixed rules. But in doing so, they suppressed that spontaneous freedom of action which aspiration for the ideal demands, and thus crushed out possible new creations by forcing genius into certain fixed formulæ. To fossilize the ideal is to destroy its life. The modern Pre-Raphaelite school is an earnest protest against the death of living art by mechanical rules, however correct they may be. This illustrates the danger of an artistic worship to genuine religious life. It is easily made a substitute for the living thing. The performance of a reverent act may pass for reverence itself. Even when used in all sincerity, the feelings occasioned by the splendid service may be only the gratification of an æsthetic taste, and not a real appreciation of the great divine verities that give the service its true value; such as the holiness of God, the richness of his saving grace in Christ Jesus, the beauty of char-

acter which is ours in him. Worship then, instead of being the key to unlock the realm of the spiritual universe, becomes a dead routine. It loses freshness, healthfulness, and finally vitality itself. We have seen this principle frequently illustrated in the Christian church, where the most thoroughly worldly spirits have stilled the demands of conscience by a punctilious observance of an artistic religious service, in which æsthetic feeling passes for love of God and loyalty to goodness. But as in Egypt of old, it is none the less all of this world.

II. THE EFFECT OF THE WORLD LIFE ON THE SPIRITUAL MAN. ISRAEL WAS BROUGHT INTO BONDAGE.

This is the way in which it is described in the Book of Exodus:

And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour:

And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, *was* with rigour, . . . and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage.

These pastoral people were driven from the pasture fields into the clay pits to make brick, an employment regarded as of the most servile kind. The monuments show that foreigners were employed in these mean works under native overseers. We can imagine the cruelty of the bastinado which so roused Moses to strike down him who abused the

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Hebrew slave. Those of their number who did not work in the brick pits were compelled to cultivate the uplands of Goshen where agriculture demanded the most laborious toil, because of the necessity of watering by artificial methods, the use of wheel and earthen pots. Dean Stanley thinks that we have a perfect picture of the condition of the Jews during their bondage, in the peasants who are seen along the Nile to-day, naked under the burning sun, working through the day like pieces of machinery in drawing up buckets of water from the level of the river for the irrigation of the fields above. He describes the gangs of boys and girls carrying the earthen jars of water, and as they pass each other in mournful procession, chanting the strophe and antistrophe in melancholy chorus: "They starve us, they starve us,"—"They beat us, they beat us;" to which both alike reply, "But there is someone above, there is someone above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well."

Now all this seems like a story of three thousand six hundred years ago: but how accurately we have described the leading features of the great world about us to-day, with its busy commerce and its passion for wealth; with its elegance of art by which it charms the natural heart; with its massive learning and deification of reason by which it extinguishes the heavenly light of the spirit; with its brilliant pleasures by which it disguises its misery;

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with its æsthetic worship by which it lulls the conscience and robes its vice. Names have changed, but the essentials of the Egyptian world are the potent forces of the world of to-day.

The other side of the picture is also true. For the spiritual man who is content to live where "the lines are in pleasant places," it is sure BONDAGE.

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

BY

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John 15. 15. "No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you."

THESE words define the true relation of the believer to Jesus Christ. It seems that up to the time when they were spoken Jesus had called his disciples "servants." They had acted on the principles by which servants are controlled, such as the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. They had not sought to know what the Lord had in mind and sympathetically to aid in its accomplishment, so much as to do something that would win his favor or avert his displeasure. They had believed his kingdom would be temporal and had striven among themselves as to who should occupy in it the places of honor and emolument. This "eye-service" had prevented them from knowing what the Lord had in mind. But by continually making known to them "all things that [he had] heard from the Father" Jesus had at last brought them to the viewpoint of friendship, from which they might act as intelligent and sympathetic participants in the main business of his kingdom.

In the authorized version Saul is represented as asking of Jesus who met him on his way to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is the response of the newly awakened soul to that fundamental requirement, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We find Jesus continually urging upon his disciples the importance of keeping his commandments. He makes this the test of their discipleship. He tells them, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me;" and again, "He that loveth me not keepeth not my commandments." We should expect from this to find a clearly defined set of rules for the regulation of the daily conduct of his disciples, so that a man might know when he had done enough. But in this we are disappointed. The Pharisees not finding such regulations undertook to make them for themselves. By the time Christ came they had worked out an elaborate system of religious observances which they held to be essential to salvation. But their system was so complicated that only the few that were possessed of special gifts and training could observe it. Thus they had come to consider the few as a separate and favored sect, while of the rest they said, "This people that knoweth not the law is accursed." They were not mistaken in the high estimate they put on the law. Jesus did not find fault with them for seeking to be righteous and to avoid offense,

even in the least particulars. He himself said, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven," and he warned his disciples that except their righteousness should exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees they should in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. He went so far as to declare that "till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." But he was careful to have it understood that the fulfilling of the law was a thing of the spirit and not of the letter. For, as St. Paul expresses it, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

The Pharisees simply gave form to that common tendency of our nature which seeks for definite rules of life. We are prone to ask of God a rubric setting forth in detail the daily tasks and observances of our religion. And great is the bewilderment of the soul, in setting out to do God's will, to find nowhere a specified line of things to be done from time to time. As a man is left free to choose whether he will serve God or Baal, so, after having chosen to serve God, he is left free to choose the times, places and methods of his service. He finds himself free to work for God or to let it alone; there is no direction, no compulsion anywhere. If he seeks a way God will help him to find it; if he

seeks to know how to do God's will he can have God's friendly counsel. But he is made to see that Christian service is the freest and most voluntary of all things. One of the most amazing things in all history is the confidence which Jesus manifested in his disciples when he left them. To all human appearance the affairs of his kingdom were in a most chaotic state. His enemies had smitten the shepherd and scattered the sheep. One would have thought that, since he came into the world to establish his kingdom, he would have spent the forty days between his resurrection and ascension in close consultation with his disciples, giving them directions as to how they should go about their work; what plans they should adopt; the best methods of church organization; the best plans for securing the needed funds; how to get along with the temporal powers, and many other such practical matters. But not a word of all this. His action seemed to imply that, since they were his friends, they would take care of his interests and that, if he trusted their friendship, he would not limit that trust by acting as if he supposed they would not know what to do. He seemed in this to indicate that he would rather have them act from friendship, and make mistakes, than act as servants and make no mistakes.

In this we find the central principle of Christian service, namely, that it is voluntary service; ren-

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dered by the friend rather than by the servant. Jesus meant his disciples to understand that he would have no slaves or mercenaries in his service, and that the service of a friend would derive its value not so much from its skill as from its motive. Skill would indeed be necessary, but it would be much more sure to come from the motive of friendship than from the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. When we have a delicate work to do, one on which depends the happiness of a lifetime—perhaps the life itself of one we love—we do not commit it to one who is actuated by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment. The mother feels easier if she knows that her sick child is being nursed by a friend rather than by a mere hireling. So Jesus had a great and delicate work to be done, one which enlisted his sympathies to the extent of bringing him to this earth and of causing him to “endure the contradiction of sinners” and to become “obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” And yet after only three short years of devotion to it he went away and left it in the hands of his friends. If the world was to be reconciled to God, and the kingdoms of it to become “the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ,” the ways and means of doing it must be thought out and wrought out by those whom he called his friends. Was ever such confidence manifested before in men or angels; and was friendship ever be-

fore exalted to so high a plane, by having committed to it such a trust? And were there ever such devoted and efficient friends to any person, or cause, as resulted from this confidence of Christ in his disciples? Neither hardship, nor labor, nor death, could daunt them in their devotion to his cause. The world has no record of heroism like that of these men who endured hunger, nakedness, persecution, desertion, shame and martyrdom for the sake of Jesus and his kingdom.

The man who seeks to serve Christ from such a motive will first of all seek to make himself capable of the best service. He will know that indifferent preparation means indifferent service. There is a maudlin sentiment in certain quarters concerning church work, that God is well pleased with blundering, inefficient service so long as he sees that our wish is to please him. This is illustrated by the story of the child who sought to imitate a piece of fine needlework she had seen done, but who succeeded in producing only a meaningless jumble of stitches. Not knowing enough to know that she had not produced the beautiful design she presented her work triumphantly to her mother as a token of her love. The mother's heart was touched, not by the beauty of the work, but by the manifest desire to please her on the part of the child. But if the child's desire to please arose from unselfish love, and not from a wish to be flattered or

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to escape censure, then the inevitable result would be self-improvement with a view to the production of that which would really minister to the comfort and well-being of the mother. And yet are there not those who serve God from year to year in the same old bungling fashion? There is no evidence on their part of an appreciation of his needs. Their gifts never vary, except to grow less; their prayers are the same dead formulæ, only with less of faith and fervor than when they first began. So far as their works are concerned there is no variety, no adaptation, no growth. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Such is the language of St. Paul to Timothy, his son in the gospel.

It is a common fallacy, by which we justify ourselves for our inadequate Christian service, that if we live up to our light it is all that can be expected of us. But to this it has been well replied, "The first thing that might be expected of a good many of us is that we should have a much better light. If we get cheap lamps and poor oil to save money, and use untrimmed wicks and smoked chimneys because we are too careless to put them in order, it isn't much excuse for poor work to say that we are doing it according to our light. Our grandmothers did their work by tallow-dips—the best work they could do by the best light they could get

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—but we have no right to be satisfied with tallow-dip work in this age of illumination.” God will accept poor service if you can give him no better, but he will not accept mistakes, if we give them to him because we do not care to go to the labor and expense of fitting ourselves to do better. In different ages of the Church, different phases of Christian service assume the place of chief importance. Time was when emotional experiences were in the lead. They are none the less important now, but the time has come when intellectual attainments are assuming the place of importance in the conduct of Christian work. It is not enough that we love God with all the heart, we must also love him with all the mind and strength. Now, as never before, the servant of God must know how to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way. The Master has planted a certain tree and requires of the gardener that he shall serve him with all the fruit of that tree. Now, suppose the gardener failed to give the tree the necessary cultivation, so that when the time for fruit comes he is able to send the Master only a few half-developed and worm-eaten specimens of the coveted fruit. He can truthfully say that he has served him with all the fruit of the tree; but this will not meet the requirements. And yet this is what the Christian does who is not diligently using such means as are within his reach to improve mind and heart up to

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the highest degree of spiritual culture and effectiveness. There comes a time even in a man's civil relations, when ignorance ceases to be acceptable as an excuse for failure to meet obligations, and when lack of skill will no longer justify his shortcomings. Public opinion would not wholly acquit a man of crime if he should aim his axe at a limb and so far miss it as to kill a friend standing some feet away. If even the civil law must take account of criminal neglect how much more must this be done in that higher realm of spiritual relations where it is required of a man that he "be perfect, even as his Father in heaven is perfect."

In the very beginning of Christian service many excuses present themselves. One says: "If I only had money I might hope to do something for Christ. I might help the poor, improve the slums, remove ignorance from the masses or send missionaries to the heathen." But what Jesus wants done does not presuppose the possession of riches. Neither he nor his disciples had them. He illustrates his purpose in his description of the final judgment. He says, "I was sick and ye visited me, in prison and ye came unto me, hungry and ye fed me, naked and ye clothed me." What he wants done can be better done by the direct and simple methods of love than by hire. As he will not hire you to do his work, so he will not allow you to hire others to do your work for him. If in your desire to alleviate

the sufferings of men you should hire others to do it for you your deed would be robbed of its chief element of helpfulness, the life-giving touch of your sympathy. It is better to feed one hungry man by love than to feed a thousand by hire. The curse of money is that it carries with it the mercenary spirit and kills the spirit of friendship.

Another says: "If I had power and influence my words and deeds would have weight and my very name would carry salvation to many." But sympathy and love do not need these accessories; they are their own best vouchers. They are instinctively recognized and carry infinite dignity and power wherever they go. "Not many great, not many mighty, not many noble are called." Their greatness and might and nobility are too apt to get in the way of their friendship. A man may speak with the tongues of men and of angels but if he have not love it profiteth him nothing.

Another says: "O that I had this sympathy and love! I find nothing of them in my cold selfish heart." So laments the clod when the frosts of winter bind it fast. But there is no clod underneath which there rests not some germ of life. It only needs the rain and sun of springtime and summer and the culture of careful hands to make it fruitful. The smallest seed of all the garden is that of the kingdom of heaven, but it will grow to be the largest tree. There is no nature so cold and selfish

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but that it can furnish a lodgment for the good seed of the kingdom and a welcome for the "showers of blessing" and the rays of "the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings."

When Jesus says, "Ye are my friends," he thereby implies that he is also our friend. His friendship is not that vague, general principle which we express by the word philanthropy. It is one thing to be favorably disposed toward a race, or a community, and quite another to be a friend to the individual. A philanthropist may serve his race or community effectively while at the same time his relation to the individual may be cold and distant. The great benefactor is apt to become more and more remote from the lowly individual whom his efforts are designed to benefit. Not so with Jesus; his relation to men is direct and personal. He does not seek first to improve the community and through that to reach the individual; on the contrary he deals directly with the individual.

The deepest yearning of the heart is for this personal relation with the Infinite. It was the realization of this that gave such triumph to the life of Enoch who "walked with God" and to that of Abraham who was "the friend of God." It found expression in the words, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and its fullest recognition and endorsement in the closing words

of Jesus to his disciples: "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him; and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." On the strength of this relation we are authorized to ask of God, in Jesus's name, with the assurance that whatsoever we ask shall be given us. Never was such bounty lavished by a powerful friend as that which God the father has promised to bestow on the friends of Jesus. The words of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," are daily realized by those who sustain the exalted relation of the friends of Jesus.

THE SUPREME FREEDOM

BY

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CLASS OF 1876

THE SUPREME FREEDOM

John 8. 32: "The truth shall make you free."

All truth, truth in all spheres of thought and life, tends to make men free. The knowledge of the facts of nature and human nature makes men free from the fetters of ignorant superstition, free from those terrors and delusions which, in many ages, have held the populace in awe, and have too often produced sad scenes of panic and outrage; free from servile and unreasoning subjection to despotic monarchs or no less despotic parties; free to think and act for themselves, free to walk at large in God's vast universe; free to know, and be, and do all that God has made possible to them in creation, providence, and grace.

But while in all spheres liberty and strength are the reward of unhesitating, unwavering, persistent loyalty to truth, Christ is not here proclaiming this great general principle. He is not speaking of truth in general, nor of freedom in general. His reference is specific. He is referring to the truth of the gospel, to loyalty to this truth, and to the consequent freedom from sin.

To understand our Lord's thought, we must

study the passage and note the circumstances. We may do so in the following order: I. The Truth. II. The Knowledge of the Truth. III. The Result of the Knowledge of the Truth: Freedom from Sin.

I. THE TRUTH. What does Jesus mean by "the truth?"

It is characteristic of the gospel and the epistles of John to strongly emphasize that aspect of our Lord's work which consists in bearing witness to the truth. And the truth to which Jesus thus bears witness is not truth in general, neither the principle of truth nor the sum of that which is true, but specifically the truth which Jesus has himself revealed concerning God; what is otherwise called the gospel, the good tidings of God's gracious will regarding man, in the knowledge of which stands our eternal life. "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." The truth of which Jesus speaks is very concrete. It is not merely the revelation of principles and laws, but the revelation of a personal God in his relations with the personal creatures of his hand.

Truth is more than veracity. Veracity is the correspondence of utterance with thought. Truth is reality, the correspondence of thought with fact. Christ's revelation is the truth inasmuch as it ex-

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presses the facts in the case, the facts concerning God and his will toward man. And Christ not only reveals the truth, but *is* the truth. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I am the truth." To know Christ is to know the truth, the truth of God. For Christ is himself the embodiment of all that he revealed. God is love. God in Christ is love incarnate. There is the inmost secret of the universe, the truth of all truths, the unifying truth, the quickening truth, the truth that makes men free in the highest and noblest sense.

II. THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH. How shall we know this saving truth?

The facts and principles of Christian religion demand profound investigation and strenuous intellectual toil, in order to be known in all their details, relations, issues, and applications, and systematic theology is the crowned queen of sciences.

But the essential truth that makes men free demands for its knowledge not so much intellectual as moral effort. It is not an elaborate system of thought, but a divinely simple message, shining in its own sweet light to those who have eyes to see, to those who desire to know, to those who long for the light of life as "they that watch for the morning." The means of knowing the liberating truth of which Christ speaks is the paramount desire and effort to do God's will. "If any man will do his will," if any man desires with supreme desire

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to do his will, "he shall know of the doctrine." Not so much reasoning concerning God as the disposition to obey God—that is the pathway of promise. Christ said again, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed : and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Obedience to Christ's word is the way to Christ's truth. Ethical earnestness leads to spiritual insight. Christ does not demand of those people of Jerusalem who would be his disciples that they embrace an elaborate creed, but rather that they fulfill the simple but sublime duties of the kingdom, the duties of love to God and man. The result of such effort will be the capacity to appreciate his glad tidings of God's grace, and the glad tidings of God's grace will give power to live the free and godlike life.

There is no other way than this to the proper, liberating, inspiring knowledge of things moral and spiritual. This principle is the underlying truth in Kant's famous distinction between the pure, or theoretical, reason and the practical reason. Give yourself to speculation, and the result will be uncertainty as to the deepest and most important problems that you consider. Give yourself with all intelligent enthusiasm to the doing of your plain and evident duty, and the result will be an ever intensifying certainty of God, freedom, and immortality.

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How shall we know the truth of which Christ speaks? Obey in order to know.

What Christ promises is not merely an exhilarating search for truth which shall discipline and strengthen your mind and character, even though the truth you search for eludes your pursuit as the end of the rainbow eludes the pursuit of a child. What he promises is *actual knowledge of the truth*. The spirit which cries, "Give me not truth, but the search for truth," is an essentially skeptical, or an essentially selfish spirit. He who seeks truth not for its own sake, but merely for the development of his own mind and character, is not a truth-seeker, but a self-seeker, after all. And, indeed, who would, who could persist in the search for truth, had he no hope of finding it?

There is truth to be found. There is knowledge to be gained. In all spheres of thought our knowledge is limited but real. He who rules out objective truth in religious things and speaks only of "value-judgments," of ideas of God and the things of God which have a certain religious value of influence and inspiration, whether they represent realities or not, undermines all religion. How long can men go on worshipping God, and trusting in Jesus Christ, if they are told that the idea of God has merely subjective validity, regulative force; that Jesus Christ has for us the value of God whether he be God or not; that things may be at once reli-

giously true and theoretically false? As Dorner says, "Faith does not wish to be a mere relation to itself, or to its representations and thoughts. That would simply be a monologue; faith desires a dialogue."

There is a certain cant of liberalism in regard to these things. It is not a matter of indifference to me, to you, to any earnest soul, whether there be a real God, a real Redeemer, a real pardon of sin, a real heaven, a real hell. We cannot be content with the self-discipline of digging and delving in the mines of truth. We long to really know. We hunger after certainty. We agonize to lay hold of some sure word which shall give us peace. And such knowledge Jesus promises; such certainty obedience does, as a matter of experience, attain. As men act, they learn. Obedient action puts the whole moral and spiritual being into such a glow of receptivity that Jesus's revelation of God becomes self-evidencing to it. The weak flesh may quiver, the poor heart may make its moan, but if the obedient spirit drinks the cup of duty, the sense of the presence of God is the rich reward.

In Christianity we are dealing with tremendous and blessed realities. In Jesus Christ we touch the deepest truth and the central reality of the universe. Christian "faith is assurance of things hoped for, a *conviction* of things not seen." Atheist may laugh at the pilgrimage to Mount

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Zion, but the Christian pilgrim is not disquieted. "What! no Mount Zion! Did we not see from the Delectable Mountains the gate of the City?"

We cannot comprehend the Infinite, but we apprehend him. Our knowledge is indeed imperfect; but so far as it goes it is real. And its result is supremely blessed.

III. THE RESULT OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH, FREEDOM FROM SIN. Freedom! What a stirring and inspiring word! How it thrills us with memories of Marathon and Salamis and Bannockburn, of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, of Pym and Hampden, Washington and Lincoln, aye! of Gideon and Barak and Judas Maccabæus! How our hearts go out to those who fight for freedom from the tyrant, or to defend their native land against a foreign foe, or to strike the fetters from the slave. How the Jews longed for such national freedom! How they would have welcomed Jesus as a national liberator! Had he put himself at the head of a Messianic revolution to break the yoke of Rome, to smite the oppressor down and set his people free, how they would have rallied round him with spear and sword and coats of mail, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and followed him to victory or death!

Why, then, did they reply to him so indignantly, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage

to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free?" They understood that when he spoke to them of freedom by the knowledge of the truth he did not mean political freedom; and in no other sense did they feel their need of liberation.

In point of fact they did need intellectual liberation, emancipation from the slavery of Pharisaism, with its minute, puerile, burdensome code, which dwarfed character and stifled thought. But they did not feel their need of this deliverance. And in their expected Messiah they were looking not for a Socrates or a Luther, but for a greater Joshua, Saul, or David.

In point of fact they sorely needed religious liberation, emancipation from the guilt and power of sin. The highest freedom is not outward but inward, not merely independence of others but power over one's self, freedom from the tyranny of evil passions, ambitions, habits, and character. This deliverance they profoundly needed; but of this need the most of them were profoundly unconscious. Their fond hope was that as children of Abraham they should certainly inherit the blessings promised to Abraham. But Jesus proclaims to them the startling truth that if they are slaves of sin they shall not be counted as God's children but shall be thrust out from the theocratic home and family. Only if they are his true and obedient disciples, only if they know the truth and the truth

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makes them free from sin, only if they realize through him true spiritual sonship unto God, shall they abide forever as sons in the Father's house. "Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. And the servant abideth not in the house for ever but the Son abideth ever. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

The slavery from which Jesus offers to deliver men is slavery to sin. Many a man who makes high boast of his political independence, of his detachment from conventional prejudices, of his freedom from superstition and credulity, is after all a most abject slave to vicious habits of thought and life. True freedom is by no means that of Faust, "Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me." The only true freedom is freedom to fulfill the highest laws of our being, and so to attain the noblest destiny of which we are capable, to reach that end for which we were created, to be conformed to the image of God's Son.

Now, how does the knowledge of the truth make men free in this supreme sense of freedom?

The knowledge which frees is not speculative but practical, the knowledge which sinks itself into the object known and assimilates the truth communicated, the knowledge of experience, of communion, of life, the knowledge which unites the soul to God,

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and which is, therefore, eternal life. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

He who thus knows God and his grace as revealed in Jesus Christ, he who contemplates with delight the beauty of the Christian character and ardently longs to realize it, he who trustfully accepts the free gift of salvation in Jesus Christ, he who allows the whole range of Christian truth to penetrate his soul and dominate his being—he it is who is made free indeed. He is pardoned of God, regenerated by the Holy Spirit, developed in the new life by fellowship with Jesus Christ—freed from sin by the direct intervention of God in forgiveness and renewal, and freed from sin by the constant influence of the loftiest ideals and the glorious pressure of the most constraining motives.

He is freed from the burden of guilt, as he knows God "in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." He enjoys the freedom of the happy son abiding ever in the father's house, for he has "not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of adoption whereby he cries Abba, Father."

He is freed from the tyrannical power of sin, for he is born of the spirit, the love of God is shed abroad in his heart, and all the impulses and instincts of the new life are away from sin and unto righteousness, all the currents of his being set to-

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ward God. Paul once could do no more than cry, under the bitter sense of the tyranny of sin, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But when he knew God in Christ, the sense of freedom came, and he could gratefully exclaim, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

And all through the Christian life, with its chequered scenes of sunlight and shade, of victory and defeat, of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, the knowledge of the truth that is attained through obedience to Christ's words sets men free. Jesus reveals God the Father, man the Son, love the duty, and heaven the home. He who dwells in the realm of such thoughts is delivered from the control of baser motives, is fired with the purest aspirations, is kindled with the divinest hopes. Hence it is that James calls the gospel "the perfect law of liberty," for it inspires men with power to fulfill its own demands.

Stoicism and Buddhism would free us from the dominion of sin by deadening the susceptibilities of the soul, killing out our desires and passions, hopes and fears, and plunging us into apathy, if not unconsciousness, at last.

Pharisaism, ancient and modern, would free us from sin by burdensome "halachoth," minute and numerous prescriptions and prohibitions, produc-

ing a hard, proud, intolerant, ungenerous, loveless, and unlovely type of character.

Christ makes men free from sin by inspiration, the inspiration of hope and love and courage; he stimulates to high endeavor by his own example and his precious promises; he imparts life, eternal life, more life and fuller—"that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Not repression but consecration is the principle of Christian holiness. The pierced hand does not hold us down but lifts us up in the amplest development of all our powers. The influence of gratitude purifies us. Meanness of every kind, ungenerous rivalry, unregulated ambition, consuming greed of gold all die out at the cross of Jesus, for there we learn sympathy with him in his tender regard for the sinful and the suffering, in the utter unselfishness and nobility of all his aims, in his sublime confidence in God the Father Almighty. Much of our pettiness of thought and feeling grows out of undue anxiety for the necessities of life; and he will be set free from this who learns the full significance of Jesus's gracious words, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." The genuine Christian life is large and generous and strong, for it can rise to the mountain tops of privilege, it can soar to the stars of deathless hope on the untiring pinions of confidence in the heavenly Father's care.

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He who knows the truth is made *free from despair or despondency of goodness*. A man who is not living according to his own best and deepest nature, in harmony with his duty, in communion with his God, becomes an anomaly and a falsehood in God's universe; and to him, if he be thoughtful, all things tend to become false, unreal, disappointing. He is walking in a troubled sleep and has bad dreams. But if once the love of God as source and principle of all being dawns upon his soul, he awakes to find that this world, in all its life and history "means intensely and means good." And ever after, even amid the disappointing and saddening imperfections of his own life and character, he keeps up heart and hope, for he knows that he is God's child, and that at the last he shall be like his Father, the type shall be realized, the original creative design shall be accomplished, and "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

This essential freedom from sin and guilt and fear, based in the sense of a right personal relation to God, will *issue in a broad and catholic temper in relation to all men and all things*.

He who thinks of religion as restriction, as fetter, as limitation, as pressure from without, knows little of Christianity. Peace, rejoicing, hope, wealth, amplitude, triumph, freedom, such are its true keynotes. The large free spirit of the Christianity of Christ is widely removed from a narrow,

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timid, pedantic orthodoxy that shivers at the thought of innovation, or makes eternal destinies depend on an unqualified assent to all the details of the ancient creeds. He who has the gospel abiding in him in the glorious experience of conscious peace with God through simple faith in Jesus Christ, while he certainly will not be enamored of any novelty of interpretation which contradicts those essential truths which have given him peace, nevertheless will not be afraid to face all the facts of the universe of God. He knows that wherever he may turn, into whatever realm of thought he may penetrate, he will find the same God present there as he found present in Jesus Christ. Feeling his feet on the rock, he will not tremble at every breeze of controversy, he will not fear lest the foundations be removed, lest the kingdom be shaken. The true freethinker is he who looks out upon the circle of the universe from that "central point of bliss," the consciousness of union with God in Jesus Christ, convinced that all forces are under divine control and that God will shape all destinies to a worthy end, and therefore not unduly anxious as to details of the divine plan or the divine process.

The large free spirit of the Christianity of Christ is inconsistent with the temper that would compress the boundless grace of God within the narrow channel of any ritual, however beautiful, or any polity, however expedient.

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The large free spirit of the Christianity of Christ is hostile to the Pharisaic spirit of narrow prejudices as to minor morals, for it teaches us the lesson that "this world is God's world after all," and that, if we are God's children, it is our world too. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

All avenues are legitimately open to the Christian. All forces should be used by the Christian for Christ and humanity. For instance, in the realm of physical science, the Christian finds his delight in tracing the record of the stately goings of the Creator. In literature, it is his to paint all life in the light of the supreme type which Jesus taught and lived, to so portray ideal beauty of character that the reader may turn from the poem or the novel to pray for grace to live such a heroic, unselfish life as the Christian man of letters has there depicted. In art, the Christian may show, indeed has shown us spirit shining through matter, humanity aspiring to God, beauty a prophecy of heaven, ideals which transcend the earthly and find their perfect realization in nothing short of God and eternal life in him.

The man whose thought, feelings, and will are brought by the Spirit of God, through the truth of God, into right personal relation with God, this man is truly free, a son of God at home everywhere in the universe of God, free to devote all his bound-

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ing energies to the noblest service, untrammelled and unrestrained by the bondage of narrow prejudices or arbitrary conventions, and above all unhindered by the tyranny of his own selfish desires, passions, and ambitions. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Large is the outlook, glorious is the prospect for such a man.

But let us not forget that this promise of freedom is conditioned on the vital knowledge of the truth, and that on practical obedience to Christ's words. He only is free indeed in whom Christ's revelation of the Father abides, not merely as a theory of morals or a dogma of theology, but as the actually controlling, sanctifying, ennobling power of the life. How did Christ reveal the Father? By manifesting himself to men. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Gaze upon Jesus Christ, as he went about doing good, speaking as never man spake, dying to redeem men, rising from the dead a Prince and a Saviour; yield yourself to the sweet constraining influence of his teaching, his character, his dying love; thus shall you come into essential harmony with God, because in essential harmony with his Son; thus shall the vision of the things unseen and eternal make you strong against the seductions, free from the dominance of the things seen and temporal.

FREEDOM BY THE TRUTH

BY

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John 8. 32. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

THESE words of the Master which were so conspicuous on the peristyle of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"—are of perennial and inexhaustible significance. Again he said, "Whom the Son makes free, is free indeed," and the two truths are one. It is the truth in the Son that emancipates. Truth, when incarnated in a great, holy personality, liberates. Dogmas then become life, abstractions realities, dreams actualities, aspirations facts, faiths heroisms. A great truth will engross and ennoble a man as all falsities and shams will degrade.

But the eternally pressing question for nation and the individual to answer is, What is freedom? The freedom our forefathers sought was inseparably connected with religion. It was, first of all, freedom to worship God. It was so bedded in the Scriptures that it was well said, "If you want to take away their liberties, you must first hide the Bible from men." And Mazzini said, "If you

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would liberate yourself from the tyranny of men, you must first begin by worshiping God."

But our freedom is not that of the wild ass in the desert. It is not the insane creed of the anarchist. It is freedom in society under government and its proper restraints under a constitution,—freedom clothed in the celestial robes of law, freedom directed by conscience and morality. Of what value would political freedom be if the nation is to be cursed with crime, drunkenness, licentiousness, mammon worship, venality, the rule of corrupt men, and no attempt be made to throw off the hideous oppression? The tyranny of a stupid, wooden-headed King George—the tax on some pounds of tea—is as nothing in comparison with that.

Freedom for the individual must be more than a civic affair. Many a man under a Republic is a slave to animal appetites, to ungoverned passions, to base habits. Many a man ruled by the Czar is in truth free as to his soul. *Æsop* and *Epictetus* were slaves as to their bodies, but in the realm of the spirit they had liberty. *Columbus*, *Cervantes* and *Bunyan* were in prison, but it is in no man's power to enslave the soul. The personality, the inner will, remains untouched.

It is not within the province of any legislation to give real, essential freedom. If a man will persist in being idle, sensual and drunken, no Emanci-

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pation Proclamation can make him a free man.

There is a worse slavery than any Egyptian or African bondage. A man may be held in chains by Satan, with blinded judgment, blunted conscience, weakened self-control. "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" Liberty to sin is slavery to the devil.

The only freedom that is more than a fustian name is freedom to obey the great, unrepealable laws of God. No man can serve two masters; but he must serve one. A man may claim that he is his own master—that he can do as he pleases—that he is free to drink to intoxication, to curse, to give way to licentiousness, to rage in anger, to gamble, to associate with vile companions, to read impure literature, to retail obscenity, to debauch other lives. He has the same sort of freedom to do all this that he has to eat toadstools or prurient meat, to drink prussic acid, to live in a quagmire, to breathe malaria, to walk off a precipice, to lie down to sleep on a railway track, to scatter cholera germs. But this is the very perversion and nullification of freedom. It is:

"Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name."

Men are never free until they break the power of inbred sin; until the law of the spirit of life in

Christ Jesus makes them free from the law of sin and death; until they come into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there—and there only—is liberty.

And this leads us to say that, if we would indeed know by experience this freedom through the truth—this glorious, soul-liberating process—there must be in us a supreme loyalty to truth in all its leadings. There is nothing so sublime and inspiring as the undaunted quest of truth. As a student and explorer, to search for her with patience and unremitting ardor, in science, history, philosophy, religion, life itself—to expose error in her last hiding-place and reveal truth in her innermost pavilion—this is to do a man's work in the world.

Christ was the King of Truth. "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Condemned as a dangerous thinker, a heretic and revolutionary, he would not retreat nor make terms, but flung himself boldly on the recognition of reasonable men and ages. "Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." His expectancy and appeal were not in vain. Through the centuries his sheep—truth-lovers like himself, whose heart-chords have vibrated to the high tone of his lofty words—have heard his voice. It is never well to scorn truth as

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abstract, as witness the Reformation, the new scientific method, the French Revolution, and our own system—the Christian. The theory of the thinker—the thought burning to-day in the mind of a Luther, a Bacon, a Darwin, a Rousseau, a Jefferson, and supremely and for all time in a Jesus of Nazareth—to-morrow rules the world by its legislation and formularies.

There is always peril in indifferentism to truth. Pilate had reviewed many systems that had come and gone, and each philosopher of his time had his new theory. Jesus seemed only another visionary and fanatic to him. "What is truth?" he sneered; for it was to him all idlest, futilest speculation. Nothing was certain—nothing could be found out. But the living truth stood before him. Such paralysis as his is fatal, and there is danger of it in the seductive agnosticism of our own day which refuses to affirm or deny—tries to stop conclusions and convictions.

There should be the greatest openness to receive truth, the widest recognition and charity for all views, while we guard against the laxity which broadening tends to make, as if all systems were separated by non-essential differences. While admitting some truth in opposing statements, while keeping a heart of love for those in error, we must hold our own truth intensely, contend for it valiantly. We are not to welcome new expressions

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and forms simply for their novelty. Some are always charmed with strange, unconventional opinions. The old seems trite, stale, hackneyed. These are brand-new and so fascinating! But generally the old is to be trusted. Some reasons more than ordinarily good must be given why that which has satisfied the reason and comforted the hearts of men through the ages is now to be repudiated. The men who would disprove Christianity, and supplant it with something invented yesterday, have accordingly a somewhat difficult task.

A man is to seek to be consistent, but, as Emerson has shown, never to hold, in the name of a foolish pride in his consistency, an error when new truth has come to him. Fools never change their opinions. Wise men, disregarding sensitiveness, pride, reputation, their own printed opinions, the charge of vacillation, revise their thoughts and publications with each accession of new light. At all cost we must seek to know the final and absolute fact. No personal considerations, such as the supposed shame of admitting that we were mistaken in the past, or saw only confusedly or half-blindly, should have any weight with us. Chaucer has well said: "Truth is the highest thing that man may keep." We should desire passionately her victory. With Milton we must not "misdoubt her strength," "though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth." "Let her

and Falsehood grapple," he grandly says; "who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

We must all beware of prejudice. But the man who denounces prejudice in others most furiously may himself be most prejudiced. Trying to pick the fleck of sawdust out of his brother's eye when in his own there is a whole lumber-yard! The radical may scathe his slower brother for his prejudice against the newer truth, but it is barely possible that he, too, is prejudiced against a candid consideration of the old and traditional creed. We must speak our convictions, indeed, but be pretty sure that those convictions are fused in our personality—the result of the working of the Holy Spirit that leads into all truth—and are not simply egoistic suppositions, self-regarding inclinations, passionate interests. These latter make the bigot.

Nothing is worse than bigotry. It is the curse of the world—between Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant. The various Protestant sects, orthodox and heterodox, nation with nation, various schools of art, philosophy, education, political theory, and the conflict of capital and labor—all show the desolation of bigotry, the crying demand for candor, ingenuousness, reasonableness. Nothing is gained by passion. To hurl epithets, as heretic, doctrinaire, sciolist, scab, is simply to con-

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fess one's own ignorance and passion without advancing our side or helping the truth a particle. Take it for granted that most men want to be reasonable and think they are. If we can show, by dispassionate argument, where their logic or findings are faulty, and lead them into right relations, we shall gain converts and appreciation where otherwise we should drive them away in anger and confirm them in untruth.

We want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We must prosecute its search in the purely scientific spirit. But, with our finite judgments, how difficult such investigation is! How much allowance must be made for the personal factor! Set Catholic and Protestant historians to writing of the Reformation or the Stuart dynasty, or Northern and Southern statesmen about our Civil War, or Briton and Dutchman about the late South African conflict, and what different results we will have! How hard a task it is to sift error from truth where almost universally they are interblended! We cannot give categorical answers as to whether many things are right or wrong. Paganism? It enshrines many truths which the wise missionary selects and shows how Christianity confirms and supplements them. Is Roman Catholicism all wrong? Is Protestantism in everything right? Are the Jews all in error? Is the truth all with the Democrat, or all

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with the Republican? It is not an easy thing to "divine where real truth doth lie," but nothing easier is our work in life.

Half-truths may, indeed, be worse than whole lies. If the matter were all error it would be readily enough detected and repudiated. But when truths are skillfully interwoven with untruths it gives a specious look of fairness to the whole, and minds untrained by logic to detect lurking fallacies fail to disentangle the threads. If beliefs which are on the whole wrong and injurious had not imbedded in them many expressions of truth they would have no hold upon the minds of men and would gain no currency. This is the art of the demagogue and the danger from him—to insert truth between his lies and let one carry with it the other. Mr. Ingersoll expressed many true, beautiful, manly, humane sentiments, which might with propriety have been uttered from the pulpit, but they were dexterously interwoven with false and harmful conceptions.

We ought to go unafraid with truth anywhere, and go with her all the way. God loves entire truth in the inward parts. We ought to pray: "Send out thy light and truth; let them lead me." But many are frightened when they find their premises are leading them straight over some of their cherished notions, and they draw back like Saul before the ghost of Samuel that he had called

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for. They have not the courage for their own conclusions. But truth must have its own highway and we must travel it. There is nothing better in the world than to know the truth. The truth is always safe. The truth is always the best. Pius IX, committed for a time to Italy's new national life, afterward in fright, seeing where it was leading, left the field. Protestants, having appealed to private judgment, to reason, conscience, the individual soul enlightened by the Spirit, must go all the way along this path despite dangers from rationalism, skepticism, denial. The soul must stand before God and make its own choice. So only shall we get boldness, independence, moral heroism, manliest character.

Never, then, should we raise any question as to how we will be personally affected by the advocacy of any truth. "Is the time ripe for it? Will the public take it? Will my popularity be endangered? Will I not call down criticism and denunciation, and perhaps suffer in body or estate?" How many are deterred by such questions from boldly proclaiming the truth! Politicians cautiously feeling around for their constituents' views; trimmers veering anxiously to catch the breeze which will waft them into office again—leaders never, molders of public opinion never, but trucklers and time-servers. The minister is a craven who has a vision of truth, feels its force,

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but is afraid to utter it; the citizen and merchant is a coward who is tongued-tied on such an issue as the temperance question, because it may cost him something in trade or make life a little unpleasant because he is regarded as eccentric. The true hero is he who pays no regard to consequences, does not ask how his fortunes will be affected, but as a true prophet of God—such as Jesus was—resolutely goes ahead with a flame in his soul for truth and a love for man. As has been well said, it is better to follow truth to a prison-cell than to live with a lie in a palace.

Our very Protestantism has its dangers, as Roman Catholics are constantly urging—dangers of rationalism and doubt from the exercise of individual thinking in private judgment. But better accept freedom of thought along with this danger than stagnancy without it. Better have eyes, even though they may get hurt, than to put out the eyes or be born blind.

So I believe that all parents in the home, all teachers, should accustom young people to the truth. It must be told wisely and discreetly, and according to the capacity of the recipient; but it, and not some erroneous substitute for it, must be given. It must be put forth, not in a frightened way, apologetically, shamefacedly; but calmly, and in matter-of-fact method. Youths so familiarized with ways of dealing with truth will be spared

the agonizing wrench which has to come to many in our day in parting late in life with errors or half-truths when compelled to accept the new and fuller formulas.

Again, it must be clearly discerned that, when the question of the individual reception of truth is put squarely before us each, there may be a call for a fine courage. No questions are more practically important to any of us than those which relate to our attitude toward fresh revelations of the truth. In no field is there a finer test of character and real religiousness than here. Many imagine that, by showing constant hesitancy in adopting revisions of accepted formulas—in cultivating rather than repressing fearsomeness in the presence of new statements of old doctrines—they are manifesting a profound faith and especially honoring God. But the contrary may well be the case. Their fear may arise from a fundamental weakness of a faith leaning on imperfect supports. God is the God of truth, and he must necessarily most honor him who pursues truth most fearlessly.

Nevertheless, it makes the highest demands on the courage of any man to say, "I will go without doubt and without cowardice whithersoever truth may lead me and will joyously welcome all light from every quarter." That is the road of a brave man, but few there be that find it. When once we have assimilated some system it becomes so much

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a part of us—of our thinking, feeling and acting—involving our affections, our consciousness of consistency and of the unity of our existence, our sense of loyalty, our prejudices, our very personality—that to change that system of thought radically calls for uncommon heroism, and to those who are not flippant, but grasp truth earnestly, and to those who are in mid life or beyond, and have become habituated to certain molds of thought, it is almost tragic. The transition will involve much mental suffering. But this is what unswerving fealty to God costs. If the truth be really a truth it must be of God, and to embrace it heartily must be to bring us nearer to him. It is of the truth we have been holding as of family ties, and Jesus said of these: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Whatever the parting with the disproved and obsolete may cost us, we must resolutely make the sacrifice, for by that sacrifice we gain not only the new vision of the larger truth, but we gain a nearer approach to God and Christ. But the process is not always pleasant. It may be so poignantly painful that we shrink back from it in dismay. There is always a cross at the heart of truth. Through much tribulation we are to enter this kingdom. W. H. Mallock represents the stern Angel of Truth as challenging its would-be devotee in these searching words:

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"O rash one, pause, and learn my name;
I know not love, nor hate, nor ruth.
I am that heart of frost or flame,
Which burns with one desire—the Truth.

"Thou shalt indeed be lifted up
On wings like mine, 'twixt seas and sky
But canst thou drink with me the cup?
And canst thou be baptized as I?"

But, if men would indeed be followers of Jesus as truth-seekers, they must have his sublime confidence and daring. He would blink no consequence of the revelation of truth though it might seem to shatter dearest loves and hopes and bring desolation into life.

He said to his disciples concerning the belief in immortality and the Father's other room in his House of the Universe—inexpressibly dear to them and to us—"If it were not so I would have told you." He would have been absolutely candid, though the revelation might sound like the dirge of the race, "rolling on the human heart a stone." Better, he would say, believe the truth at all hazards, even though it land you in annihilation, than to be hugging a delicious lie to your breasts, which will some time prove itself a lie and leave you undone. It is vastly significant that Jesus was attached as well to Thomas the Questioner as to John the Mystic.

In an English journal I recently came upon this noble poem of Frances Lockwood Green—a prayer that each of us might well make his own:

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"Teach me the truth, Lord, though it put to flight
My cherished dreams and fondest fancy's play.
Give me to know the darkness from the light,
The Night from Day.

"Teach me the truth, Lord, though my heart may break
In casting out the falsehood for the true.
Help me to take my shattered life and make
Its actions new.

"Teach me the truth, Lord, though my feet may fear
The rocky path that opens out to me.
Rough it may be, but let the way be clear
That leads to thee.

"Teach me the truth, Lord, when false creeds decay,
When man-made dogmas vanish with the night.
Then, Lord, on thee my darkened soul shall stay,
Thou living light."

But, sublime as the acceptance of truth for the intellect may indeed be, it is, after all, action and not theory which shall work out for us this glorious liberty of the children of God through the instrumentality of truth. Lowell, in his noble "Commemoration Ode," tells us how—

"Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dusk of books to find her."

But those who fell in the conflict for the nation's life, whose memory he is celebrating, found her in a different way:

"But these, our brothers, fought for her;
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness

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Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her."

It is not mere abstract truth that has power in the world, but truth concreted in a life of strength, forthrightness, purity, elevated ideals, lofty purpose; truth rounded into action, truth realized in deeds. The ideal must be shown to be also the practical—the abstraction something that men can live by. It must be exemplified in actual existence. So has it been in the lives of all the great men of sacred and secular history. "Truth is mighty, and it will prevail," but only when it is truth in a man—truth incarnated, embodied, lived out in the actual, in the conflict in the open: truth in an Isaiah, John Baptist, Paul, Savonarola, Luther, Cromwell, Moody. So Jesus said not "I reveal truth," "I teach the truth," so much as "*I am* truth." What other great truth-revealer—Moses, Socrates, Buddha, Emerson—was ever able to say this so absolutely? Yet each, in his proportion, must have been able to say it. Jesus not only *taught* Good Samaritanism, he himself was a Good Samaritan. He not only taught simplicity in life, trust, freedom from anxiety, prayerfulness, putting righteousness first, but he acted his teachings out.

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He was full of grace and truth. We are to seek "the truth as it is in Jesus;" not simply in his teachings, but in his life.

Christians' love of truth becomes therefore love for Christ. They are sanctified by the truth when they come in contact with the truth—palpitating, warm, vital, moving, acting in his great life. They are saved by no theory of virtues laid down in some textbook on ethics, but by a high code of living throbbing and working in a man.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds
More strong than all poetic thought."

Life is always more than dogma, it is said. But dogma, if true, may be converted into life.

Socrates, with his famous "Know thyself," had a supreme faith that if men could only be shown the right way they would walk in it. But nothing is commoner than the opposite. The Roman poet confesses "I see the right and yet the wrong pursue," and Paul's lamentation is the experience of all men: "The good that I would, that I do not. When I would do good, evil is present with me; to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." O for motive, incentive, strength! With the mind serving the law of God, and with the flesh the law of sin, is there no deliverance from this dreadful inconsistency and contra-

diction in life? "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord,"—through contact with a great, conquering, victorious, pure, holy personality that shall pour its own vitality sympathetically into our lagging veins!

Then it is that we are inspired with a zeal for truth and against all error. Standing before his whiteness, all lies, flatteries, acted frauds, perjuries in domestic, business, social and political life become abominations of desolation. We learn to abhor all egoisms masking themselves under hypocrisies, all shams, make-believes, subterfuges, evasions, shufflings, the double-face, the double-tongue. We try to be what we seem and to both seem and be noble, frank and pure. "All things to all men"—how often has this word of the apostle been woefully misapplied. Doubtless he meant it in conformity to things indifferent—innocent peculiarities of custom and national habit, not insulting the usage of Jew or Greek—but never a surrender of principle. There can never be a compromise of essential truth. Methods may be compromised. When, in trying to get our truth enacted into law, we are forced to accept some small portion instead of the whole blessed legislation, we are wise if we take it, hold fast to it, and move on to conquer more territory. But principle can never be compromised—there is never a happy medium between truth and error. There can be no tem-

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porizing, no making terms with the world-spirit.

Such a supreme love of truth will send us out as crusaders to deliver from all error which draws men by false paths to destruction. As the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, so our hearts, in love with truth, should flame out against all falsities, superstitions, miserable delusions. We ought to need no other motive than love for Christ and the truth he enshrines, and love for men whom error is destroying and debasing under cruel rites and practices, for our missionary enthusiasm and propaganda. Our duty as servants of light is to be truth-bearers to the world, and we of the favored races are to take up this "white man's burden."

With what ideals, then, shall we go out into life? Though we may not seem to get on so fast, though oftentimes conscience may seem to be inconveniently in the way of seeming success, though once and again honesty may seem neither the best policy nor even a possibility in the fierce competitions of modern life, though we may hear high honor sneered at, and such miserable mottoes as these repeated on all sides: "Business is business," "There are tricks in all trades but ours," "If we don't do it others will"—shall we not be brave, loyal to truth, conscientious, Christ-fearing? Then our lives will be grand, effective, sublime! But if we cynically say, "In Rome let us do as the Romans do,"

“Nothing succeeds like success,” however won; if we determine to “get along,” to enjoy a comfortable time anyhow, to have gain, to win the easy applause of the careless and dissolute, then our lives shall be insignificant, forceless, contemptible, worse than wasted. Over them shall be written Ichabod—“the glory is departed.” Weighed in the balance and found wanting! O, to be chivalrous, high-minded, glorious and valiant champions of the truths by which men live—the truth of God and Christ—the truth by which we and all men shall be made free through him who magnificently said: “To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.”

THE EXTREMES OF SPIRITUAL
PRIVILEGE

BY

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CLASS OF 1877

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Zech. 12. 8: "And he that is feeble among them at that day shall be as David; and the house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them."

It would be an immeasurable loss to the followers of Christ if they should ignore those Scriptures which were the spiritual text-book of their Lord and the religious manual of his disciples. How could the New Testament be properly understood without a knowledge of the Old? For those ancient writings furnished a framework for the expression of the later revelation. The Holy Bible is a book of many books, and yet they are all one. They reveal one God, one Lord, one path to peace, purity and power.

When an artist has achieved renown, and his masterpieces have become the model for the student, and the pride of those galleries which possess them, diligent search is made for every work of his hand. His rough sketches, brought out from some ancient attic, the early ventures of his bold strokes, often reveal more of the secrets of his insight than do the more finished products of his brush.

So these ancient prophecies often furnish the

best commentary on the gospels and the epistles. Sometimes the truth they speak is all the more impressive because of the unfamiliar mold in which it is cast. The prophecies of Zechariah might almost be called a preliminary gospel, so full are they of previsions of Christ and his work. Let any one read this brief book with pencil in hand, and mark every allusion to the life and deeds and sufferings of Christ, and he will find this bypath of holy writ marked with many a wayside shrine. It will seem then to be for the pilgrim a short way to the Wicket Gate and to Calvary. And this particular text points beyond, even to the upper room, and to the moral miracles of Pentecost.

“In that day” seems to be a favorite phrase of Zechariah. Mounting above the sinful and decadent age in which he lived, he looks beyond, toward the hilltops of the future, and discerns the grey dawn of a brighter time. The modern artist who has embodied his idea of those ancient teachers in the frieze of the Prophets in the Boston Public Library has caught his spirit. There he is represented, not as some of his associates with covered or averted face, but with uplifted gaze his wondering eyes pierce the distance, and with his raised hand he calls upon the people also to behold the inspiring vision. And the record of his words grows in intensity of feeling until it culminates in the time when the implements of ornament, of utility and of

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sacrifice—the bells upon the horses, the pots in every poor man's kitchen, and the golden bowls before the altar—shall alike be HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD.

Among the many features of that glorious coming day one is especially worthy of our meditation at this hour. "At that day" feebleness shall be changed to a heroism such as that of David, and they who claim the fullness of their kingly heritage "shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them."

"That day—" when can it be? At this twentieth century of the Christian era we are at no loss to know, for the vision has reached its fulfillment. It is the day of which the prophet Joel spoke, when the Spirit should be poured out from on high, and all flesh should share in its blessings. It was the day foretold by the greatest of all the prophets, who introduced the advancing messenger of the Most High and said: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." It was the day of which this same messenger spoke when he said: "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence;" and "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." It was the day, the age, which began when the sound from heaven came as of a rushing mighty wind, and when the tongues of flame sat upon each of the disciples of the Lord.

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The Need. Around each of these ancient teachers of spiritual religion were most disheartening and well-nigh universal evidences of moral weakness and religious debility. The record of the race so far was one sad story of departure from God. And is not that also the history of humanity—a true picture of every age, ancient and modern? In what land and what century have not the noblest spirits been weighed down by the surrounding moral stupor? With such a wide distance between the real achievements of humanity and the high ideals so clearly seen by its sages, no wonder that so many pessimistic seers have bemoaned the golden age as gone beyond recovery. On the other hand, how wonderful that at the lowest ebbing of its spiritual life Israel always had some prophets of hope who had bitter tears for surrounding weakness and also a clear and certain sight of coming glories for their nation. Zechariah saw his people forgetting the faith and courage of their fathers and reproducing their faults. Like the father of many nations, they were telling half-truths which had the effect of a lie; like their father Jacob, they were yielding themselves to cunning and unjust schemes for self-advancement; like the tribe from which they sprung, they were ready to abandon all hope for liberty if only they might have pungent and savory food; like the majority of those select men who spied out the land of prom-

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ise, large grapes and luscious pomegranates had little attraction for them if they were to cost a brave struggle with giants to secure them. And so on and on goes the story of their shame. It would cause us to blush to read the sad story if it were not that it is a mirror of our own faults. In judging them we should condemn ourselves.

The Help. But these somber pictures are brightened with occasional heroisms. The author of the epistle to the Hebrews found enough to make his eleventh chapter a veritable Hall of Fame. And more than enough, for time failed him to tell of all the men and women of whom the world was not worthy. Paul says that the failures of the fathers happened to them for ensamples, and were written for our admonition. It is equally true that their heroic deeds are instructive and inspiring. So at least this prophet believed, and he held up the career of the king who was the pride and the glory of the ancient kingdom as typical of the exalted privilege and power that was to come with the new kingdom of the heaven.

Reflect upon the well-known life of this pattern of strength. He emerges upon our view when yet a ruddy-cheeked lad. He is obedient and faithful in this service of his father. Frost nor heat, wild beasts nor robbers could separate him from his charge. Nor could the isolations of the shepherd life dull and deaden his spirit. With highest wis-

dom he uses the precious margins of his leisure. His patriotic faith leads him to spring to the defense of his beloved nation. A giant falls before him. We know well the epic of his exploits, and the era of advance which his courage and victory set on foot. More than this: his mind was of the finest texture. His nature was full of sympathy for his fellows, and in tune with the infinite. He could read the open book of nature, and could explain its parables. He could not only see, he could say. He could not only hear, he could translate what was said to him by the silent voices within his spirit so that others could understand. His rare gift of expression must have been not genius, but the gift of industrious effort. His ingenuity could shape instruments of music, and the harmony of the harp was added to his sweet psalm and to the melody of his voice. Further still, his was the strength of fellowship. For he was a most charming companion, holding his friends with hooks of steel. In brief, his strength was the strength of a sound body, of unfailing industry, a gifted mind, a magnetic personality, and of a discerning conscience, while around all these was the fertilizing and invigorating might of sincere faith, and at length of a complete surrender to God.

The Minimum. In this day we that are feeble may be like David. The high level where stands this hero may be reached by the weakest in the king-

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dom of God. This is the very least and lowest mount of privilege in the new realms of heavenly citizenship which are ours. We dare not stop short of this height. Let us see what this message means for us.

The promise is to us and to our children. Out of the mouth of the little ones may come perfect praise, with a testimony which would still the enemy and silence the avenger. Even childhood weakness may be strong enough to overcome giants of evil which seek to destroy them. Little voices can make up in innocent sweetness for the lack of vehement strength; little soft hands can have a marvelous power to persuade and to lead. Here is an instance:¹

It was but a little colored child on one of our streets who was struggling to get her wagon, which was loaded with a heavy bundle of laundry, from the gutter to the sidewalk. A man of kindly heart, but not a Christian, came along and helped her with it. In telling of it, he said: "I expected her to say 'Thank you,' with ordinary politeness, but was surprised when she said: 'Thank you, and *God bless you.*' And those words 'God bless you' from the lips of a child started a train of serious thought within me, and were the means of my conviction, and finally of my conversion." This conversion

¹This incident was not used in the sermon as first preached, but its insertion was an afterthought suggested by the fact that at the close of the sermon six young men came forward and joined the church, and their Sunday school teacher who stood with them at the altar was the person referred to here.

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brought a blessing to a church, and was the means of the conversion of many others, and the eye of the Eternal alone can tell how far the endless chain of moral victories born in that word of a child will reach.

This is also a message for our youth. Joel said that the young men and the handmaidens should receive of the spirit, and in no way come short of the older or the more important ones of earth. The business of this country is calling for young men; the vice-breeding institutions of our land are calling for young men to fill the ranks so fast depleted by destroying sin; society seeks the vivacity of our light-hearted youth. And God asks for them, too. It was he who made them; it was his Son who redeemed them with a great price. No matter how strong are the siren voices of the tempter, and how weak are their moral courage and resolution, God promises that they shall be as David. Do you want an instance of this imparted power?

Whence came that moral and spiritual upheaval which has brought untold blessings to the principality of Wales? As far as we can trace it to its source, it began with the outburst of testimony from the lips of a young woman. Witnesses were called for in a meeting for prayer and praise, and after the usual long and painful silence she broke the quiet with an impassioned word: "If no one else will I must say that I love the Lord Jesus with

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all my heart." It was as a torch in dry stubble. The flame leaped from heart to heart; and among those kindled was a young man from the coal mines, whose education would hardly pass a high school examination. He yields himself fully to God for service, and the Spirit baptism comes upon him. Through him the churches are awakened, and a whole province is brought into new spiritual life. A hundred thousand people, many of them once hardened men and women, are saved. Society is regenerated. Churches are enlarged, a nation is blessed in city and country, and may it please God that the waves of this influence may reach us on this side of the sea, and bring into our land and church the new power of Pentecost.

We are living amid realms of spiritual dynamics which can not be measured nor exhausted. Here are Niagaras of moral power which never run dry. Their forces only multiply with use. Why may not the young life of our churches ally itself with these far-reaching energies? At this hour we have giants of intemperance to be slain; we have temples of cruelty to be overthrown. The field of the Spirit's operations is exceeding wide. It was given to ancient artisans by the Spirit of God to work with hands of skill. Under that influence the temple grew to resplendent beauty in architecture, and embroidered tapestries, with beaten gold, polished silver, and burnished brass. Look at the work be-

fore us at this hour. There are tantalizing secrets in science to be uncovered; there are stupendous problems in government to be met; there are great books to be written, great songs yet to be sung, great poems to be penned, great pictures yet to be painted, and grand oratorios yet to be constructed. And these great things must be done by consecrated souls or efforts thereto will fail, or succeed only to prove a curse and not a blessing.

And there are yet others of us who have lived long enough to have been the teachers and the leaders of our time, if nothing but time were needed to make manhood. Feeble ones are so because they have been slow of heart to believe all that was promised them. Weak are they because they have refused to use the strength which was given them. The one talent in the parable was kept well wrapped in a napkin, and was restored undiminished. But these spiritual investments, placed in our hands for our trusteeship, if laid away for safe-keeping will surely waste, and we shall not be able to say even as much as the wicked and slothful steward did: "Lo, there thou hast that is thine." Standing beside the ancient evangelist, from his point of view let us see and seize those endowments of strength which are our promised possession.

The Maximum of Privilege. Now we come to even more daring words. "The house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before

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them." In the new kingdom men shall be God-like; they shall partake of the divine nature; they shall be children of the Most High; they shall bear the image of their Father. What higher range of privilege is possible for us to conceive? Perhaps this prophet has been over-sanguine in his promises. Perhaps we have mistranslated or misunderstood his words. If such an attainment is possible, we long to be assured of it. If such hopes are not securely founded we must be undeceived. Let us calmly search the Scripture for added light. No prophecy of the Scripture is of private interpretation. It must be illustrated, explained and corroborated by other inspired words. We here resolve that if we find upon examination that the simple and surface meaning of these words is the true one, with joy we shall take up the journey toward those heights.

The modifying phrase sheds some light on the question: "As the angel of the Lord before them." While the ever glorious God dwelleth in light which no man can approach unto, he hath not kept himself entirely unrevealed. From the beginning and through the centuries he has been sending to men his angel, some mysterious messenger who withholds his name. But in human form, yet clothed distinctly with divine prerogatives, he carries the seal of his divine commission. Through such incarnations the great "I AM" hath made

known his nature and his will. And last of all he hath sent his Son, the express image of his person, and supplied him with many infallible proofs of divinity. This Angel of the Covenant is also Son of man, and he brings God down to dwell with men. To be like God is to be like Christ, for he is the Angel of the Everlasting Presence. He is the messenger of his Father, is our elder brother, is not ashamed to call us brethren, and invites each of us into fellowship with himself and with his Father.

Another Old Testament passage will aid our understanding. In Judges 6. 34 we read, as it is given in the margin of the Revised Version, "The Spirit of Jehovah clothed itself with Gideon." The Spirit of God wore this humble man as a garment, and made the simple weapons in his hand the instruments of a great victory. It was Gideon's hand and the arm of the Lord which wielded that sword of light whose gleam smote with consternation the haughty foe. Here are other Scripture statements briefly given. The full passages can be readily found. Of our relation to Christ it is said: "Whose house are we," and "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Christ also promised: "The Spirit of truth . . . dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." He also said: "If a man love me . . . my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." The apostle Paul tells us that

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“the body is for . . . the Lord, and the Lord for the body.” He also appeals to believers to yield themselves unto God, that their “members may be instruments of righteousness unto God.” And when we find a prayer divinely inspired we have in that form one of the most certain of promises. And Paul prays that “Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith,” and that ye may “be filled with all the fullness of God.”

These words are wonderful, but they are surely true. Our hearts are lifted up. These things are promised to us and provided for us. The Father and the Son propose to choose us for their temples, the places of their most holy visitation. Our poor lives are to be the homes where they will come to stay. We are to be the swords of their peaceful conquests; the agents for their work, and the mediums through which they will make themselves known to the world. We have the happy privilege of touching the hem of our Lord’s garment for our own healing, and then the highest privilege of being the garment of the Lord through which his healing grace is imparted to others. Yes, it is clear as the light. We are to dwell in fellowship with our Master, and beholding his face we shall reflect his image. The power which raised up Christ from the dead worketh also in us, and we shall be partakers of his life, and of his likeness.

The Transformation. Such are the provisions of

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grace. Let us seek for the proof in our personal experience. These high privileges and wonderful provisions of grace must not be to us like a dim dream. We are to enter into them, and embrace them. We must know for ourselves and not for another. Such knowledge is acceptable in the highest court. Let us be able to say with the Samaritans: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying; for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world." I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye be "transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Hear a parable from one of the most recent and wonderful discoveries in science. The greatest difficulty in the transmission of electric power has been that the current which was strong near the powerhouse would waste itself with an enormous percentage of loss as it traveled to a distance. It has been supposed that the current was dissipated and lost. But it is now found that the current has only become weary pushing itself forward through the molecules of the copper which conducts it. It has gotten sleepy and tired, but it is all there. By releasing it from the wire, and sending it through a bath of oil, the electricians say, it is "stepped up" to its former power, with almost no wastage. It is a discovery which will revolutionize our indus-

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trial life. Its effects upon civilized society can scarcely be imagined. Strange to say, these discoverers have gone to the Bible for a name for the apparatus by which this reinforcement is effected. It is called a "transformer."

"Be yet transformed"—it is another word for transfigured. Christ with the chosen three upon the holy mount was transfigured before them. The divine one who wore the flesh and the garb of lowly man allowed his disciples for a brief moment to behold him in the robes of his divinity, shining beyond the brightness of the sun. So our poor lives, whose currents of service, of faith and love have run low, may be transformed, transfigured! It is as wonderful and yet as simple as receiving a bath, a baptism, with the anointing oil. It comes through the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and is maintained by his abiding presence in our hearts. This height was discerned ages ago from afar. Bold and believing souls for twenty centuries since Pentecost have dwelt upon these highlands of privilege. To be strong as moral giants should be our lowest aim; our highest to be like God as revealed in Christ, the Angel of his Presence. "That day" is to-day. This day may this Scripture be fulfilled within your rejoicing hearts!

HAVING EYES TO SEE

BY

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CLASS OF 1881

HAVING EYES TO SEE

Mark 10. 51: "And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight."

THE pathetic story of blind Bartimeus is so familiar that I need not here rehearse it at length. You remember that this poor, helpless, blind beggar, who sat daily by the highway side near the gate of Jericho asking alms of the many who came that way, heard one day the noise of a great number of people passing near and asked what it meant. Some one answered, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." At once Bartimeus began to cry out, and say, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." Jesus, who was always ready to listen to the call for help, stood still and commanded that the blind man be brought to him. And those who called the blind man said unto him, "Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee." "And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus." "And Jesus answered unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight." "And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." "And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."

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One of the greatest misfortunes of life is to be blind: to live in darkness, to see no colors nor forms, to be shut away from the beauties of nature, seeing no gardens of roses and lilies, unable ever to enjoy the paintings of Leonardo, or Raphael, never looking upon the beautiful face of your mother or seeing the manly form of your father; blind: groping in darkness along the tangled pathway of life, through deserts dark and dreary, missing the sunlight, and all shadows of beauty, missing the glory of summer, the gold of autumn, the gray of winter, the bright green of spring; blind: missing hills and valleys, lakes and rivers, fields and flowers, missing all the beautiful sights of God's beautiful world. May the compassionate Christ have pity upon the blind!

It is a sad thing to know that there are thousands of blind people in the world. Not all like Bartimeus physically blind, but intellectually blind; blind to spiritual truth, blind to their soul's best interests, blind to their duty to God and to their fellow men, blind to the vision of the face of mankind's best friend, blind to all that is pure and beautiful and good in the vast kingdom of God, blind to that life which is made beautiful by the presence and companionship of the Christ, the King's Son.

No blind man can have a true conception of the physical world. He may know something of trees, and hills, and rivers, but he can have no true con-

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ception of them. We sometimes marvel at the cleverness of blind people in their knowledge of material things, yet while their information is really wonderful, still it is limited, and is not at all accurate concerning the phenomena of the material world. The blind man has not a true conception of color, for example, or sunrise, or sunset, of distance, or height and depth, as that of a mountain or a canyon. His ideas of the material world must necessarily be not only limited but also unlike those of the man who can see.

So also no man intellectually blind can have a just conception of the delights of literature and the joys of music and art. He may have some pleasure in them. But to know the chief joy of literature you must read a book understandingly, and fully to enjoy a painting you must look with the eyes of an artist. For only those whose intellectual eyes are open are able to see clearly the things which pertain to the intellect, and delight and revel in them.

There are many people who have eyes but they do not see. Take a walk with me. You will see sky, trees, fields, houses, men, and many other things. But what kind of trees do you see—oaks, maples, elms? What kind of trees do you see? You see the sky; can you in the growing twilight tell the names of yonder stars peeping out through the curtain of the evening? What kind of houses do you

see? And the people you see : are they rich or poor, happy or sad? Can you tell me? That will depend upon your sight. For first of all we must see, and then we can know.

And the difference between a wise and an ignorant man is the difference of their vision, their sight of things. A crabbed old schoolmaster of Scotland used to say when they brought to him a pupil, "Are ye sure he is not a dunce?" Or, in other words, Are you sure he is not blind to his opportunities and responsibilities?

Carlyle says that the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of that man. Why was Titian a greater artist than the village sign painter? Because more sight dwelt in him. Why was Wagner a greater musician than the village music teacher? Because more music dwelt in him. Why was Paul greater than our modern preachers? Because he saw divine things with a clearer vision. Men of genius, great men, see more than does the average man. To those who possess the eye of genius the world is a wondrous show with ever new and ever varying scenes.

Such men live the largest lives, experience the most pleasurable visions and enjoy the highest felicities that human nature can be heir to, for all their faculties are brought into play, their inner senses are opened, and their whole soul is filled with the contemplation of the noble and true in

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life. Though one be poor, he may exclaim with Goldsmith, "Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!" When others see nothing uncommon, these men see remarkable and beautiful things; where others find nothing but everyday occurrences and ordinary people, they see martyrs sacrificing themselves for the sake of others, see men carrying heavy burdens, see them bearing up under crushing calamities, see them fighting against dire misfortune, or suffering in silence the most intolerable grievances. Men of genius find wit, humor and pathos where others find nothing but commonplace talk.

Robert J. Burdette says, "I am aware of a constant melancholy, but when I look away from myself I see a world full of ludicrous situations, comical incongruities and humorous incidents; and I often find myself laughing at people and things around me, while others see but commonplace surroundings." Herein lies the great merit of superior minds, that they have the mystic power of revealing to others by pen, or pencil, or brush, or chisel, the things which others cannot see for themselves, the things in life which the common eye does not see nor the common mind comprehend.

The eye of genius, the eye of the poet, painter, novelist, historian, orator, essayist, sees more in a picture, a flower, a face, than does the common eye. Everything seems to speak to the eye that sees,

everything has a history and a tale to tell, everything is an actor in the great drama of life. "I have often said to myself," says Mr. Tyndall, on looking at a flower, "Can it be that there is no Being in existence who knows more about this flower than myself—than such a poor, ignorant creature as I am?"

Charles Dickens says, "When I enter a great city at night, I imagine that every one of those darkly clustered houses incloses its own secret; and that every beating heart, in the hundreds of thousands of hearts there, is in some of its imaginings a secret to the heart nearest it." Where others saw nothing but piles of brick and mortar, Dickens saw the lives that were dwelling in those houses. While the peasant could not see London for the houses, the novelist saw a story in every house.

Many people do not see, they only look. Some men look at captured battle flags, and see but useless rags. But others of us can see in them sacred memorials of the past. These precious relics show us a vision of the courage, and fortitude, and self-sacrifice of the men who fought for the flag, and these emblems are speaking witnesses of that bloody conflict in which the cause of human rights and the fate of the nation came up out of sorrow into the bright light of victory. Do you see in the flag only stripes of red and white and stars in a field of blue? Can you not see Washington and his

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army at Valley Forge? Can you not see the heroes of Revolutionary days laying broad and deep the foundations of this great Republic? Can you not see the flag over seas, the emblem of a new-world freedom? Can you not see it in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines?

Yonder on a cross, on a hill in Palestine, a man was dying. The multitude who gazed on the passion of our Lord saw the cruel death of a man, and to most of them that was all. But what do we see when we behold him on the cross? We see him dying for the sins of the world. We see him tenderly laid in Joseph's tomb. On the third day after, we see the stone rolled away from the tomb, and see that he who was in it now stands by the side of those women who loved him. We see him on the day of ascension rising above the clouds, out of sight of his followers. We see that little company in the upper room and behold the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the disciples. We see John, and Peter, and James planting the church of the living God. We see Paul, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox. We see the triumph of the Cross as it marches down the centuries and can hear the shout of victory of the advancing army of the Crucified. O, Thou Galilean, open our eyes that we may see thee in all thy wondrous works and ways!

One prayed of old, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

There are "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," and when the Lord opens a man's eyes he sees things no mortal ever saw before, and tells the world what he has seen. Many inventions now in use are only discoveries. They are the results of certain forces in nature, of certain natural laws, or of certain chemical combinations, which fortunately arrested the attention of the discoverer. The everyday things and the most familiar things which have been gazed at, played with, and talked about, were as nothing to us, until God dropped the curtain from some one's eyes, and then we had a discoverer, an inventor.

A great amount of both discovery and invention is apparently an accident. It is said that a shipworm, boring its way through the wood, and lining the passage with a secretion that gave it a hard, smooth finish, suggested to Brunel the idea of the tunnel under the Thames; that coarse figures made in wood or bark, and pressed in the sand to amuse children, suggested printing; that a spider's web, stretched from tree to tree, suggested a suspension bridge; and that children playing with some spectacles arranged them at short distances from each other and, looking through them, were delighted with the increase of power. Upon which the older heads took the hint, and in due time there was brought forth the telescope. We are told similar things of the Argand lamp, gunpowder, the barom-

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eter, spindles, steam power, photography, and many other things. And, as one studies the lives of inventors and discoverers and notes how different trivial things look to different people, and how such wonderful things are brought to light by the attentive and observant, he is led to believe that God has opened men's eyes and they have been able to see wonderful things in God's great and wonderful world. And these men who see and have seen the unseen things have generally been ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to the Giver to them of sight. The first message sent over the telegraph was by Miss Ellsworth and in these words, "What hath God wrought!" It is well to remember that man is a discoverer, and not a creator. There were steam and steam power before Watts, gravitation before Newton and electricity before Morse. The planets were in the sky and had their orbits before men, by the aid of the telescope, were able to discern them. The coal, gas, silver, gold, and precious stones were hidden away for ages before anyone had his eyes opened to behold the treasures within the earth. We call the men who discovered these things inventors, or discoverers, because their vision is clearer than that of ordinary men.

Carlyle in speaking of Shakespeare says: "I know not such power of vision, such a faculty of thought in any other man; he discerns [sees] as by

instinct what conditions he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and relation to them is—it is not a transitory glance of insight, it is a deliberate illumination of the whole matter, it is a calmly seeing eye.” Many men have eyes but they see not. The seeing eye understands the inner harmony of things. God meant something in all the evolutions of nature. The works of God’s fingers are his messages of wisdom to us. Each action of nature, the flash of a sunbeam, the growth of a flower, every message of nature, is an expression of God’s love to us.

As you look out upon life you see, that is if you can see, that the history of the world presents a panorama that reveals a constant pressure, stronger than man, superior to the tendency to deteriorate, making, in the grand sweep of the centuries, for truth and for the elevation of mankind.

The great lesson to learn is that, in spite of evil and the trend of much to decay, mankind on the whole is being lifted to a higher place, and every century marks a step in his upward and onward going. Surely here is proof of a living God, who loves and takes an active interest in this world.

Bartimeus knew what he needed most. It was sight. And he knew if he only had sight that would help him to get all other needed blessings in life. Blindness had not only robbed him of the vision of the life of nature, but also prevented him

from entering any field of industry, and hence he was a beggar. If he could only receive the blessing of sight he need no longer be a beggar, but could make for himself a respectable and honorable living. He might have asked for clothes or food but his great need was sight, and so he cried to the Giver of sight, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." It is a good thing to know our highest need. I fear many of us ask for this thing and that thing which we do not really need, and forget to ask for that which the soul most really needs. To see, to see, is our great need; to see the great Physician, to feel his healing touch, to have our eyes opened and to behold him near, to know him, and to feel that strange warmth in our heart that telleth us that he has come in to take up his abode with us. This is our highest need, and when we have him we have all, and will have all, that we need in life. And this should be our joy to-day, that Christ can give us everything we need and that the opportunity to ask him is given us.

Bartimeus had an opportunity and like a wise man he availed himself of it. No doubt he had consulted many physicians, and had tried various prescriptions reputed to restore eyesight, but they had been of no avail. He hears one day of one who gives sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, and he treasures this up in his heart, and says to himself, If he ever comes this way I will ask him to re-

store my sight. And that good day comes. He hears the noise of the multitude and learning that it was Jesus that was passing by, he cries out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." Many charged him to hold his peace, but this was his opportunity, and he cried the more a great deal, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." He knew that his great opportunity had come, and possibly would never come again, and he availed himself of it and received his sight.

Friends, God gives to each one his opportunity in due time. But like the blind man we must be listening, waiting, expecting its coming, and seize it before it is gone. Alas, many men are failures in life, not because they had no chance, but because they were not listening for the coming of their opportunity and did not secure it before it was gone. Why, opportunity for us is God's gift every day. The morning sunbeams smile out opportunity to know him and love him each new day of life. The daytime hours bring us opportunities for growth in character and works of righteousness, the evening, opportunities to contemplate his lovingkindness and remember his many promises of love and tender compassion. Life, it is God's gift of opportunity to know him and to grow up into his likeness.

After all, most of us are like Bartimeus in this at least: we are all needy creatures, and there is

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only One who can supply us with the blessings of life. It is not probable that we now are or ever were as poor in material things as was this beggar, but we are all needy creatures. From our infancy until to-day we have been in need. At first we cried for food, and then we wanted protection, and then we looked to our teachers to lead us along the path of learning. We have asked the nation to give us her liberties; we have asked the church to grant us her fellowship and her communion; we have asked God for pardon and peace. And we will ask dear mother earth to fold us at last in her restful embrace. The foolish man is he who never asks anything. The wise man is the one who asks of nature her secrets, of life its purpose, of God the way unto Eternal Life.

The wise man seeks to know from the sky, the stars, the sun, the moon, the winds, from all the treasures on land and sea, and from things in the earth, all that they can give to make him wise. The wise man seeks everywhere and asks everyone the secrets of life, the whence and the where of the world, in order that he may be wise; he seeks to know God and his son Jesus Christ, seeks the way to grow like him that he may reign with him eternally. The Saviour says, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." I have said that a blind man has not a correct conception of things. Possibly none of us have. We see things differ-

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ently, perhaps because we have a different viewpoint, and also because of the difference in our vision. And who shall say which of us is right and which of us is wrong? Certainly in things non-essential we must have charity toward those who differ from us, and not condemn our friends who may not see things as we do.

Let us remember that we are often blind because we are selfish. This horrible disease often blinds us to our brother's needs, not only for food, but for sympathy, for encouragement and for kindly advice. O how many of us have denied to our fellow men our sympathy, our tears, our prayers, our words of help and encouragement! Man's selfishness has made this a cold, heartless world, and many, alas, are heavy-burdened and broken-hearted. Look about you and see the sad and sorrowing ones you could comfort and help. Let us not be blind to one another's needs. Let us not be blinded by our selfishness or our imperfections, and thus cause sorrow and suffering to those who should receive our help. Life is too short to think only of self. Let us get our eyes open to our brother's needs so that we may see how best we can help this poor, sick world for whom our Lord has suffered and died.

Sight is good in order to see through the shams of life and discover the real and genuine. There is a great deal that is false and one needs to see

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clearly in order to know the right way. Satan will try to deceive you with the pleasures and delights of the world, and you may be turned from your purpose by the glitter and tinsel of life. But open your eyes and see the real things and be not deceived. See which pathway leads to success and honor, and walk therein. Keep your feet away from the shifting sands of Satan's deceits and walk in the highway of God's truth. Open your eyes and behold the way that leadeth unto the truest and noblest things, and go forward in that way.

The blind man saw Jesus, and how those newly opened eyes must have feasted on that blessed vision. No wonder that Bartimeus followed Jesus, for the sight of the Healer made the once blind man love him with unspeakable love. O, to see God! O, for that vision! O, that there might come to us an hour like that which came to Moses when he stood before the burning bush, or to Stephen when he saw the glory that was above his face, or the soul vision of Paul when he was stricken on the way to Damascus and was blind to things about him. O, to see, to see our Saviour! For this our hearts cry out. Thanks be to God we have the promise that we shall see God. The Beatitudes tell us, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." They shall see his kindly hand in the daily walk of life. They shall see his

providential gifts so bountifully given each day. They shall see that all things—whether riches or poverty, sickness or health, success or defeat, laughter or tears, joy or sorrow—all things will work together for good, because they love God.

There is a land, there is a life, where there is no blindness and no blind ones. We are journeying to that city of light, where the inhabitants shall see, and see with clear vision. We shall see him and know him who hath opened the eyes of our understanding, of our hearts, to his beauty and his salvation. We shall see him and our sight shall never grow dim. And, as we behold him, we shall become like him, and ever and always we will behold the beauty of our Lord, Jesus the Christ.

O Thou great Physician, who didst open the eyes of Bartimeus so that he beheld thy beauty and followed thee, open thou our eyes. May we see thee and know thee. May our hearts know thy salvation and our lives receive thy blessing. O thou Son of God, we yearn for thy companionship. Walk thou with us. Open our eyes to our great opportunities and our great responsibilities. May we see where we can best toil and labor for thee. Let us see, O, Christ, our abilities and our limitations. Show us how we can best improve the one, the three, or the five talents, which thou has given us. May we see the way to exalt thee in our words and deeds and glorify thee always. And when the

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journey of life is ended may we enter that city where thou dwellest, there to look upon thy face and never grow weary of the vision of thee, our Christ, who hath given us Eternal Life.

MAKE IT SURE

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CLASS OF 1883

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Matt. 27. 65. "Make it as sure as ye can."

THESE words were spoken by Pilate to a delegation of chief priests and Pharisees who had sought an audience with the Roman governor immediately after the crucifixion of Christ.

The circumstances connected with the trial and death of Jesus, and the peculiar awe and solemnity that attended the tragic scene on Calvary, had thoroughly aroused the fear, and the superstitions as well, of those who were directly responsible for his arrest and condemnation. Scarcely had the Saviour's dying words passed from his lips—"It is finished"—ere his enemies recalled his strange prediction that he should rise again on the third day. They, therefore, hasten to Pilate and demand that he give orders that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day, so that the disciples of this crucified Nazarene should not be able to steal his body, and then declare that Jesus had risen, according to his predictions while living.

Matthew's gospel is the only one of the four that contains this interesting narrative, which has a

most important place in the argument in proof of the actual resurrection of Christ. This first gospel occupies its own peculiar and distinctive place in the New Testament. Matthew wrote for the Jews, and as you read the twenty-eight chapters that comprise this gospel you cannot fail to see the many signs of its Jewish origin and to detect a Jewish atmosphere about this initial book of the New Testament canon. Matthew was methodical in his mental habits. Accordingly this first gospel is the only one of the four that has a distinct and well-arranged outline. It is, however, one that is more logical than chronological. The order of thought rather than that of time was made most prominent by the inspired evangelist. His aim was to picture the Christ as the long-promised Messiah of Israel, and to prove to the Jews that this same Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled the prophecies and came into this world as the long-expected "Consolation of Israel." Matthew's record of those marvelous events culminating in the crucifixion and resurrection must never be overlooked if we desire the most complete information concerning those supreme facts in our Lord's life.

What were those events which finally led to Pilate uttering these words of the text, "Make it as sure as ye can?" Among the very last words of the crucified Saviour were those which breathed dependence and submission—"Father, into thy

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hands I commend my spirit." They were spoken on a Friday afternoon. At sunset of that same day the Jewish Sabbath began. Joseph of Arimathea had begged the body of Jesus from Pilate. Tenderly and lovingly was it placed in that new rock-hewn tomb. It was Joseph himself who "rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher, and departed." The inspired penman quietly adds: "And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulcher." What an almost matchless scene for the artist that incident still furnishes!

It was on the "next day, that followed the day of the preparation," that Pilate received an excited deputation of anxious chief priests and Pharisees, who said: "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command, therefore, that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first."

Despite all their assumed indifference to his oft-repeated claims of being divine, those crafty, selfish Jewish leaders were greatly exercised at the thought that this crucified Nazarene might really have been the long-looked-for Messiah, the veritable Son of God.

During his ministry they had often sought to

entrap him by their subtle questions, but invariably did the Master read their motives, and confound them by his answers. Defeated in each and every attempt, their hatred was increased and they still sought the opportunity to silence forever this teacher who "spake as never man spake." But it was not until Christ's hour had fully come that they were permitted to seize our blessed Lord, go through the form of a trial, and finally to crucify him between two thieves. That crucifixion, however, was attended by so many remarkable signs—by darkness, by earthquakes, and by the resurrection of the dead, that the centurion at the foot of the cross was led to say: "Truly this man was the Son of God." Even when the Saviour's body had been taken from the cross and placed in Joseph's tomb, the enemies of our Lord were still uneasy. Standing before Pilate they refer to Christ's own prophecy that after three days he should rise again. They, therefore, demand of Pilate that he place a Roman guard over the sepulcher, thinking thereby to remove all possibility of the disciples stealing the body. Pilate's conscience had been strangely stirred during all the events connected with the Saviour's arrest, trial, and crucifixion, and he curtly answers these chief priests and Pharisees: "*Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can.*" It was equivalent to saying: "If you men have any misgivings, then take every precaution against the theft of that body."

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Under this authority Roman soldiers made the sepulcher sure before darkness had settled down upon that sacred tomb. Closing the entrance was that great stone which Joseph had rolled against it; and across the stone was fastened a cord with sealing clay at each end, bearing the Roman seal. Every human precaution, therefore, was taken by the enemies of Christ to retain his body in that tomb. The stone was officially sealed. The Roman soldiers received their orders, neglect of which meant death. Their lonely vigils began. But, despite all these extraordinary precautions, on the morning of the first day of the week the stone is found rolled away; the closely-guarded tomb is empty, and to the inquiring and amazed disciples an angel in shining raiment exclaims: "He is not here: for he is risen!"

Again and again our risen Lord presented himself during the next forty days to his disciples. Even Thomas, the skeptic, was finally convinced of the Saviour's actual resurrection and cried out: "My Lord and my God!"

The resurrection is the cornerstone of the Christian faith to-day, and one of the many confirmatory proofs of its reality is found in those very precautions that the enemies of Christ took to prevent even the possibility of the removal of our Lord's body from the tomb. Had they not gone to Pilate and secured the assignment of a special Roman

guard, there might have been plausible reasons advanced for believing later that the disciples had stolen the body by night. Yes, "Make it as sure as ye can," God's Book seems to say, "all ye enemies of the truth. Lay your plans; form your conspiracies, conduct your investigations; bring forward your theories,—do whatsoe'er you will to undermine Christianity, to weaken the confidence of men in the integrity and authenticity of these Holy Scriptures as God's only written revelation to the human race, or to detract from Christ's supreme claims of being the Divine Founder of the only true religion,—do what you may, O scribes and Pharisees of this twentieth century, but never forget that there is One, there on the throne of this universe, who, sooner or later, shall so overrule your every plan and effort, that they shall only tend to establish Christianity the more firmly, and to make stronger, instead of weaker, the evidences in favor of the truth."

Wrapped up, therefore, in these words of my text—"Make it as sure as ye can"—is the subject that I seek to present, at least in suggestive outline—"Christ's Enemies Used by God for the Establishment and Extension of the True Faith."

How strange, but how true, that antagonists of the truth are so often employed, however unconsciously or unwittingly, as valuable allies of the very doctrines they sought to destroy! Whatever tends

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to deepen our faith in God and his Providence; whatever leads us to see more clearly the divine hand in the writing of the world's history, or the growth of his church, whatever tends to strengthen our faith in the omnipotence of the truth, and causes us to have a more intelligent understanding of the meaning of that inspired statement, "For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth," is not that by just so much a blessing to us as individuals, and an added power to every worker in the Master's vineyard?

When carefully, thoughtfully studied, the history of God's church and also of his world, furnishes fuel for our faith, and ammunition for our guns in any aggressive warfare that we make for the truth. Study the history of men and of nations from this broad field of view,—their ultimate influence in advancing or retarding the Christian faith. Study the history of this Bible and the many different controversies that have from time to time raged around it and also around the leading doctrines taught therein, but above all study those oftentimes bitter theological contests which in the last, the nineteenth century, more than in the present, centered about the life and character of Jesus, the Christ, and as a result of any thorough and comprehensive review of these various controversies, you will, I am sure, rise with the ever-deepening conviction that there is behind all that we see, or

hear, or feel, one great controlling Mind, one Supreme Will, who is ever bringing order out of chaos, and who, despite every opposing effort of Satan, is steadily advancing his own plans for the race of mankind. In the carrying forward of those plans, God makes evil to subserve the good, and causes even the "wrath of men to praise him." He hath "made all things for himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."

Do you ask for proofs? They abound in these Holy Scriptures; in the history of Christ's church; in the lives of disciples; and in the development of nations. Turn to God's Word, and illustrations of my central thought, and the fundamental proposition of this discourse, abound in both of the Testaments. To the aged Jacob the disappearance of his favorite son Joseph, who had been thrown into a pit by his cruel and envious brethren, must have seemed more of an affliction than a blessing. When the false tidings reached him that an evil beast had devoured Joseph, the aged father cried out in the anguish of his soul: "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." But God overruled that crime and that affliction for good, and years after, when Joseph had become Pharoah's prime minister, he was made the chosen instrument for the preservation of Jacob and all his family. Addressing the very brothers who had sold him into slavery, Joseph said: "Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good."

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What could have seemed more fatal to the doctrine of divine protection to the chosen people in Egypt than Pharaoh's decree that all the male children of Israelitish parents should be slain at birth? But because of that very decree a babe was concealed on the banks of the Nile. He was found by Pharaoh's daughter, carried to the royal palace, and there educated in all the learning of the Egyptians. Moses, the leader and lawgiver, because of that very decree, was led to receive a part of his preparation there in the very palace of the enemies of his people, for the carrying out of God's great plans. Yes, Pharaoh, "Make it as sure as ye can," but God will overrule your every plan for the final good of his chosen people.

Yonder is a captive youth in Babylon! He belongs to the despised and conquered Hebrew race. He has risen to a place of great honor and power, but then as now, the man of position, whether in church or state, must expect to be the chosen target for all the poisoned shafts of envy and malice. A conspiracy is formed against the prophet, and Daniel is cast into the lion's den. But evil men should be objects of pity rather than of fear and anger. God always cares for his own. Yes, "Make it as sure as ye can," O Princes of Babylon, but God still lives! The mouths of the lions are closed. Daniel is saved, and because of his miraculous deliverance, Jehovah is straightway recognized by

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King Darius as superior to all the gods of Babylon.

Let us leap across a chasm of six centuries. Christ's advent, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension have now been followed by the establishment of his church. The Grecians and Hebrews are not coöperating harmoniously, but as a result Stephen, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," is chosen to care for the temporal business. He also preached Christ unto the people. Persecutions arose, and Stephen becomes the proto-martyr of the church. But ere he dies, looking first upon his murderers, and then up into the heavens, he prays: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," and fell asleep. Among those who were consenting unto his death, was one called Saul, who was going up and down the land making havoc of the church. But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." As those early Christian disciples fled from the bloodthirsty Saul into all parts of Judea and Samaria, they followed the example of Philip, who preached Christ unto the people.

The martyrdom of Stephen and the persecutions by Saul must, at the time, have greatly pleased the scribes and Pharisees. To them the speedy and complete extinction of this new heresy must have seemed now to have been made sure, but God meant it should be otherwise. He so overruled all these various forms of opposition, that Saul the persecutor is soon after transformed on that Da-

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mascan road into Paul the great apostle to the Gentiles. How often has it occurred that what seemed at the time to be a flat failure or a disheartening defeat was only God's preparatory step to a glorious victory! Paul's career most forcibly illustrates that great fact. He had often longed to visit Rome that he might proclaim the gospel. But when at last he did enter that imperial city, it was as a prisoner wearing chains. Can the Christian world ever forget, however, what transpired while he was confined in the Mamertine prison? While there, he was enabled to preach Christ even to those who were of Cæsar's household, and with such success that, in his letter to the Philippians, he was led to say: "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance (or progress) of the gospel."

But we are not restricted to Bible biographies in seeking for illustrations of the theme that Christ's enemies are used for the spread of the truth; that the very efforts employed by the enemies of Christ, and of his church, often prove to be unexpected agencies for good. The vigilance of the Roman guard at the instigation of Christ's enemies proved to be a most valuable, though unintended, testimony to the reality of the resurrection of the Saviour. Like Paul, John Bunyan, also, was imprisoned for the crime of preaching the

gospel as a Dissenter. For twelve long years he was confined in that little dingy Bedford jail, but contrary to all the plans of his enemies it was there that this talented tinker did his very best and most lasting work for Christ and the entire world, for it was while confined in prison that John Bunyan wrote his immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*, with its world-wide circulation, and its incalculable influence for good.

How often God turns obstacles into opportunities, and builds stairways out of stumbling-stones! Judson in Burmah, Livingstone in Africa, and Butler in India, seemed again and again to be face to face with conditions apparently defying all possible success; but God made those missionary heroes to be the instruments for arousing a world-wide interest in the cause of missions. How often in the history of biblical criticism the forces of rank unbelief have appeared to rejoice at what seemed to be incontrovertible arguments against both the inspiration and authenticity of this Bible. At periodic intervals Diocletian, Hume, Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll and many lesser lights have prophesied the speedy overthrow of Christianity. In the earlier stages of the propaganda of the evolutionary theory of creation, when the doctrine of the theistic evolution was virtually rejected, a species of panic took possession of many religious teachers. The future of Christianity was openly

questioned. This "Deathless Book," as it has been called, has been the target for criticism, and the object of attack from the days of Celsus to this present hour. But every effort put forth to destroy it, or to cast doubt upon its utterances, has always reacted sooner or later in its favor. In the light of history, how many of these human attempts to dethrone God have seemed as puerile as would be the attack of a mosquito fleet upon Great Britain's impregnable Gibraltar. Yea, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure."

Voltaire, writing toward the close of the eighteenth century, boldly predicted that before the year 1800, this Bible would be so completely discarded by the nations of this earth that it would remain only as a literary curiosity, and as a reminder of the former days of superstition and credulity. Truly, the arrogance of his confident claims may be recalled to-day with profit to the church. Shall we call it one of the "revenges of history" that to-day the very room in which the great French infidel penned that prophecy is now, as it has been for many years, a Bible depository from which tens of thousands of Bibles and Testaments are annually distributed as the bread of life to the people of Italy, Ger-

many, France and Switzerland? Some years since, as I passed that very Bible House in Lausanne, Switzerland, and recalled Voltaire's prophecy written in that same building, I felt anew that God can and does make even his enemies to praise him. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

We need never dread the results of any honest, thorough, and reverent investigation that men may make in any department of truth. Rather Christ's church should welcome all such investigations and cultivate the real spirit of mental hospitality. Everything—when rightly interpreted—speaks of God as the Creator, Ruler, and Preserver of mankind. It is only the superficial thinker, or the man whose mania for specialization narrows his mental horizon, who assumes to draw conclusions in opposition to Christianity and to revealed truth. It was our own James Russell Lowell, the poet, scholar, and diplomat, who once most forcibly declared a truth, which timid souls may well lay to heart: "The universe of God is fireproof, and it is safe to strike a match anywhere." It is not an evidence of genuine faith, but rather an essential of unbelief, when men tremble too much lest the Ark of the Covenant shall be overturned. May we all comprehend the full meaning of Paul's words of inspiration, "For all things are yours."

We need have no fear as to the ultimate results

MAKE IT SURE

of Biblical criticism. God's Word has stood the test of all these centuries, and it will continue to stand. There is a wealth of meaning in that heraldic design of the old French Huguenots as expressing their faith in the perpetuity of the Bible. At the foot of an anvil is a pile of broken hammers, and on the face of the anvil are these words:

"Hammer away, ye hostile hands;
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

O what an inspiration it gives Christ's followers to have this deeply-inwrought assurance that, despite every effort of the Pilates and the chief priests and Pharisees of each century to imprison the Christ in the sealed sepulcher of this world, he will rise in all his majesty and might, and his kingdom shall rule!

Pilate and the accusers of our Lord are no more. The guards about that tomb, and the Roman legions from which they were drawn, long since moldered into dust, but Christ and his kingdom still live. Once and again unbelief has sung its prophetic requiem over the grave of Christianity. Persecution and bigotry have driven many a stake, and lighted many a fagot. Judas has betrayed his Master with a kiss, and Peter denied him with an oath, and Demas forsaken the faith; but the cross of Christ is still erect. Churches are still being built. Christian truth is steadily widening its influence. Souls are hourly being converted,—yes,

the Word of God still endures. "Make it as sure as ye can," O enemies of the blessed Son of God, the only Saviour of mankind, but "if God be for us, who can be against us?" "Heaven and earth shall pass away," said our Lord, "but my words shall not pass away." Then, with Faber, let us continue to sing:

"Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible."

A CHURCHMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH
JESUS

BY

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CLASS OF 1887.

A CHURCHMAN'S INTERVIEW WITH JESUS

John 3. 7. "Ye must be born anew."

It is almost startling to note that this saying of Jesus was addressed to a churchman in good and regular standing. Nicodemus was not supposed to be one of the lost sheep of the house of Israel; he was one of the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Nevertheless, he belonged to a class of which it was said, "Not many are called."

Much has been written against Nicodemus because he "came to Jesus by night;" the assumption being that he kept under cover of darkness rather than run the risk of social and religious martyrdom. But is it not possible that this coming "by night" was an evidence of something other than cowardice? Bear in mind that electric lights and gas lights and even kerosene were unknown in those days; and the streets of old Jerusalem were pitch dark, narrow, and infested with footpads. It was as much as a respectable, well-dressed citizen's life was worth to venture forth at night. "The wise and prudent" remained at home. If, therefore, Nicodemus did not stop to consult his fears or delay his coming until the morning, is it not at least

supposable that a yearning desire to "see Jesus" had taken possession of his soul, and he would go that very night though there were footpads and Pharisees in Jerusalem at every turn of the street! Such seekers are the ones who find Christ.

Nicodemus came with the notion that Jesus was "a teacher," and nothing more. But Jesus, who "knew what was in man," including "the man of the Pharisees," met him with two memorable sayings which, being interpreted in terms of our own life and experience, mean: (1) that the kingdom of God is not a teaching or a school of doctrine, but a new Life; and (2) that the Life of the kingdom is not merely ethical, but spiritual.

1. To acknowledge Jesus as "a teacher come from God" is an extraordinary confession for a "wise," "mighty," "noble" man like Nicodemus to make. He thereby accorded to Jesus a place with the rabbis of the later Judaism, and even with Moses, the "schoolmaster" of Israel. He anticipated the whole modern world, pagan as well as Christian, which has come to recognize in Jesus a divine teacher, for the reason that no man could do the significant works which he did, except God were with him.

But such a confession of faith lacks a saving quality, in that it sees in Christianity only a teaching, a system of theology, a school of doctrine; and it makes a Christian life to mean merely sitting at

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the feet of Jesus and learning of him and being orthodox. This view of our holy religion is one which John Wesley disposed of by his pungent saying, that "a man may be as orthodox as the devil, and as mean as the devil; for devils believe and tremble."

Nevertheless, there are not a few still sitting in Moses's seat, who do not know there is a difference between religion and doctrine. I remember a certain lecturer who had graduated at Oxford, and after a year at Berlin took holy orders; later his soul revolted against clericalism, and he became a Unitarian minister; then he came to the conclusion that the four gospels were not credible as history, and he renounced Christianity for the gospel of Socialism. "What I would like now," he added with cynical indifference, "would be for my father to die and leave me his money, and then I should enter politics and run for Parliament." The man had changed his creed no less than three times, and imagined that in so doing he had renounced Christianity. Whereas he never had any Christianity to renounce. For what is Christianity? It is not orthodoxy; still less is it heterodoxy. It is a Life. It is what John Wesley was one of the first to describe as "the life of God in the soul." "I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Here is the one thing lacking in much of our

current Christianity. This is what Jesus meant when he solemnly declared that God's world is absolutely hid from all who have not been born into God's life: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

2. But, if the Life of the kingdom is not doctrinal, neither is it ethical: it is spiritual.

The figure of speech Jesus used to set forth this proposition was mystifying, even to "a Master in Israel." Nicodemus was perplexed by the parable of the New Birth as much as was the woman of Samaria by the parable of the Well. "How can a man be born when he is old?" he asked. "Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?" To ask the question was to answer it. But it also raised another question: Is there any possible way for one to go back and begin life anew? Can a man really have another chance? Almost everyone at times wishes he might have a fresh start in life. He feels he could do better next time. But, while one might make some improvement, providing he could take back with him the benefit of a lifetime of experience; yet we cannot forget the proverbial weakness of flesh and blood. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and can never be anything else. And he who puts his trust in the flesh will find there always "the tendency to revert to the original type;" he cannot escape the

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natural bent. It is the old, old conflict: "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

There is not the slightest hope of renewal, except in the way that Jesus reiterated: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

If a son of Judaism and contemporary of John the Baptist was slow to understand "these things," it was because he knew nothing of a spiritual birth; "for the Holy Spirit was not yet given." But of the birth by water, he knew full well. For the Baptist had come "crying in the wilderness," and there had gone out unto him "Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about the Jordan," Scribes, Sadducees, Pharisees, and Nicodemus undoubtedly along with them. John had been the sensation of the day. His baptism and preaching were the one universal topic of discussion. He baptized unto repentance for the remission of sins, but preached, saying, There cometh after me one "mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire." Jesus himself baptized no one: but ten days after his Ascension, "having received of the Father the promise of the Holy

Spirit," he "poured forth" that which was heard on the Day of Pentecost "as of the rushing of a mighty wind," and was seen as "tongues parting asunder, like as of fire." John's baptism meant an ethical regeneration; Jesus's baptism was a birth into a new life. John was Judaism in transition to Christianity; Jesus was Christianity itself.

The Christianity of Christ, therefore—what is it? A sacrament, and something more; a repentant life conforming to an ethical standard, and more; a system of theology, and much more. It is a Life, conceived and born of the Spirit.

The people called Methodists have done well to cleave to this gospel. If any there be who have drifted off into the field of controversy, let it be known unto them that the whole world of theology and philosophy and even science is slowly but inevitably gravitating to the common ground of God's kingdom in the soul.

We are ceasing to marvel that Jesus said unto us, "Ye must be born anew." The marvel is that we ever did marvel at it; as if it were a thing more remarkable to be born into the kingdom of God than to be born into the kingdom of man. To be born anew is no more marvelous than to be born at all. Indeed, the more one comes to know of the mystery of life, the more does he marvel at that which is born of the flesh. You say you do not understand the spiritual birth? I say I do not un-

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derstand the natural birth. I can appreciate the feelings of the reverent soul who said he seldom saw an infant in its mother's arms without wondering, as did George Macdonald,

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

And the only answer he got to his query was not scientific, only poetic:

"Out of the everywhere into here."

And I look with equal wonder at every child that is born of the Spirit, and ask in bewilderment, "Where did you come from?" And the answer I get is again not scientific, only poetic: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." We cannot understand the beginnings of embryonic life, which, as a modern prophet keenly observes, God "creates as the very condition of the New Birth, for only that which is in some sense alive can really be born." Nor can we trace the ultimate unfoldings of the Life. All we can know is the direction it is taking. It is going on unto the perfection that shall be, when "we shall be like him; for he shall see him as he is." All else is shrouded in mystery.

But what is a mystery? Let the secret society man, or, better still, the man of science, answer: A mystery is something that cannot be known, ex-

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cept to those who are initiated. If, therefore, a Nicodemus ask, "How can these things be?" We have a right to answer, even though he be a "teacher" or one who is supposed to be "taught" in our Israel, "Your very question is a confession that you have not been initiated. You have not entered into the kingdom of God and seen for yourself. You have been born of the flesh, but not of the Spirit. And until you have been thus born anew, you must take the testimony of those who speak that which they know, and bear witness of that which they have seen."

And what a cloud of witnesses encompasses us! Pentecost is being repeated in our day; and thousands are being added to the Church day by day, in the Far East, in Great Britain, in Wales, in America. To us is the promise being fulfilled, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call unto him. Repent, therefore, and believe the gospel! "Ye must be born anew."

HIDDEN TREASURE

BY

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CLASS OF 1888.

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Matt. 13. 44. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

LIFE is a dull gray thing when surprises are unknown. If the world has no bloom or wonder in it, it is hardly better than a prison. There is a story of a man of leisure who, looking down the monotonous waste of years before him and picturing to himself the endless exasperating round of movements, dressing, sitting, eating, sleeping, the days all cut on the same pattern, could not endure the prospect and so committed suicide. Monotony is often deadly. Even its virtues may be only apparent. Ruskin reminds us that the virtue of the stagnant, isolated village, where the interests of life are few, and the stream of life is sluggish, may be only a surface thing, and indicate simply that the still souls who live there have not been subject to strain and struggle, and that their passions are not mastered but dormant. Monotony is not the same thing as tranquillity. Tranquillity is a thing of life, poise, balance, power. It speaks of tasks done, of self-control, of hearts that are quiet because they are brave, peaceful because they are trustful. Its

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symbol is not stagnant water, but a steady soul looking quietly down into rushing streams. But monotony is a thing of death. It does not mean doing the same things steadily, constantly. Nature does that and nature is never dull. It means rather the absence of content, vision, freshness from the soul. And the cure of it is not in change of place, of scene, of occupation. The cure is in getting peace, purpose, vigor, vision into the Spirit. To think as some do that unlimited money with unchecked indulgence of all desires will prevent monotony in life is to be shortsighted. Such a course may postpone the problem of satisfaction but will never solve it. Satiety and disgust lie that way. A weary Roman Emperor offered a fortune to the man who could give him one new pleasure and so one new thrill of life. The true method for the cure of monotony is not to get the sameness out of circumstances, but to cure the distraction and blindness of the soul. The world is never dull to the soul that worships and sees. To such a soul the bloom and wonder of the world never vanish. Surprises are new every morning and fresh every evening. Emerson said, "Every day is the best day in life."

Now this man had a surprise. He came upon treasure that he was not looking for. His field was doubtless uninteresting, perhaps stony and sterile, and the tilling of it difficult, but there was treasure

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in it waiting to enrich him. It is not necessary to go into the ethical question as to the man's right to the field and his silence regarding the field's secret. This is a parable and it is not necessary to the point of it to prove the man blameless in his conduct morally as well as legally. His course of action may be legitimately criticized. But the point is that the kingdom of God in a human life is a surprising treasure. It makes its discoverer jubilant and rich, and is worth all sacrifice. To this man it appears unexpectedly. He comes upon it by accident. In the associated parable of the Pearl it is the reward of search. But it is to be noted that the man's surprise came to him while he was doing his duty. His dull toil was far from attractive. The prospect of it probably did not gladden him. He plodded on wearily with plow or shovel, and then in the twinkling of an eye his prospects in life all change as his tools touch the buried fortune. If he had shirked his duty, cursed his lot, abandoned his distasteful task, he would have missed the treasure. Duty has rare treasure in it as history often proves to us. It was with no thought of leadership, statesmanship, immortal fame that Moses kept in touch with his enslaved people in Egypt; he had apparently nothing to gain and everything to lose by his fidelity. To identify himself with slaves in their sorrow and plead their cause was no natural result of his circumstances,

He could have luxury and honorable distinction by holding himself aloof from them. But he was true, and sacrificed all his court favor and ruined all his Egyptian prospects in order to be true. And to that man, faithful to duty when faithfulness hurt him, God came in flaming, surprising glory, and equipped him with matchless wisdom and invincible power and exalted him to a dazzling place of fame and influence as deliverer and law giver and nation builder. It was with no dream of sovereignty that David watched the flocks of his father on the plains of Bethlehem. He was a simple shepherd, steadily true to his task of leading and defending the patient sheep, and one day the anointing oil touched his head. And whatever surprise and glowing vision came to him with that prophetic act of Samuel, he was not won from duty. He returned to his work and was faithful to it as its forms changed until God put him on the throne. In the Persian court King Ahasuerus was weary one day and to beguile the time asked to hear read the annals of his reign. And among other things he heard how Mordecai had foiled a plot and saved the king's life, and this the king had not known. And he sent for his prime minister and asked what should be done for the man whom the king delighted to honor. And Haman recommended a triumphal procession through the streets of the capital with a herald crying the praises of

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the favorite. The king accepted the suggestion and had Haman arrange the procession and himself serve as herald to the man he so bitterly hated. And Mordecai was found at the gate, the humble place of common resort, and was exalted in the eyes of all the people and then returned to his simple life of duty doing. The glory broke in upon his humble faithful life as a flashing surprise. It came out of faithful service which he had almost forgotten and did not unsettle him. Cornelius was a good man, true to conscience, true to righteousness, kind to men, and God gave him a dream and the glorious light of the gospel and the baptism of the Spirit. Duty! It may seem hard, dull, exacting, exhausting, it is the daughter of the voice of God, and a mine of inexhaustible wealth. The soul allied to it has a guarantee of revelation and increasing treasure. The slaves of duty are the heirs of God. Let a man be true to his sense of right, absolutely, rigidly obedient to every moral obligation, sensitive to all his own holiest instincts. Glory lies that way. He may be poor and lowly in the world's esteem, and the world may pity him, but he needs no pity. God honors him and dowers him with moral wealth and flashes upon his humble soul spiritual surprises.

But the treasure of the kingdom is represented here not only as a thing surprising, but as a thing supreme. So great in value that the man gladly

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sold all he had in order to possess it. The world has some quarrel with the New Testament because it pays so little attention to and even seems to depreciate what are unquestionably real treasures. Houses and lands, material goods of all kinds, books and pictures and music, things of beauty and common use, jewels and flowers and industries, friendships and comradeships, services of healing and instruction, are not these worth anything? Very much. But they are not the things about which Jesus was most concerned. He did not condemn them. A petition for bread is in the model prayer which he constructed. He assures us that God knows our need of things material, and we may safely trust him for them. But these are not the things emphasized. The social value of his principles, his recognition of political rights, how his service brings and fosters material prosperity, all this might be pointed out. But these are not the supreme values. They are not ignored or sneered at, are not denied—they are simply dwarfed in comparison with that which is first. It is a matter of perspective. And Jesus, clear-eyed, strong son of God, says that God's kingdom, God's dominion over the soul, intimate, constant, everlasting, is the soul's supreme treasure, for it no sacrifice is great, in it all values are merged. And the world objects to that emphasis and that estimate—thinks they are overdone. Religion, thinks

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the world, is a good thing in its place and useful. But it belongs to special experiences and emergencies. It is hardly to be reckoned a tangible treasure with a constant value. It is a kind of moral luxury, a matter of taste, perhaps of prudence. Its out-and-out enemies say it is a delusion which makes man a coward and a slave, and some superior philosophers who regard it as irrational and even impious, nevertheless think it has an educational function, and is worth something in the way of restraint for those who are not brainy enough to know the truth about it. Well over against all the scoffers, private or public, timid or daring, stands Jesus with the assurance that the rule of God is worth more to a soul than anything else and all things else, and he implies that if one once gets a clear view of it, digs through the forms in which it may be hidden, sees its amazing treasures heaped together, at once that soul will know that there is no treasure so solid, none so vast, and that it is worth all sacrifice.

And then besides the surprise, and the supremacy of the kingdom, the parable urges its value as a secret thing. It must be uncovered. It must be sought. There are certain surface values which are easily seen and which we may share without any special effort in laborious digging, but the distinctive values are hidden and are easily missed. Take the Bible, certain elements in its usefulness

are undeniable. In its historical parts it is interesting, in imagery rich, in ethical teaching lofty. Even in these particulars it is not in the same class with other sacred books. Max Müller, who edited the remarkable series of Sacred Books of the East already numbering about fifty volumes, said in his general preface, "It has been for many years a problem to me, and to a great extent is so still, how the Sacred Books of the East should by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful and true, contain so much that is not only unmeaning, artificial and silly, but even hideous and repellent." And about the sacred books of Brahmanism, "These works deserve to be studied as the physician studies the twaddle of idiots and the ravings of madmen. Let us try to translate these works into our own language, and we shall feel astonished that human language and human thought should ever have been used for such purposes." So that in these regions of lower values our Bible stands alone. Its literary influence is unexampled. Luther's Bible, given to the German people in the vernacular, had much to do with the formation of the German language of to-day. Our King James version has been the most potent influence in the shaping of our modern English. Tennyson is steeped in it. Browning delighted in its characters and truths, Shakespeare, and Milton and Wordsworth abound in biblical allusion. Carlyle finds

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in the book many an illustration and glories in its ethical grandeur. Ruskin said it affected his literary style more than any other force. And it has influenced the speech of household and street as well as the speech of students. As to its literary beauty and its ethical tonic there is no question. These are the surface treasures. They do not explain its place and power. To be content with acknowledging its literary charm and its ethical power is to be superficial. Its secret is that it discloses God. But some may say this is done by other writings, in other ways. Goethe said, "I find a thousand pages written by both ancient and modern men, graciously endowed of God, as beautiful and useful and necessary to mankind as the gospel." And Lowell said:

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each century, adds to it,
Texts of despair, or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

All this is truth. The end of the speech of God has not been reached. But the consummation has been reached in Christ. And the Bible secret is the revelation of God's redeeming love in history and in his Son.

Take our Christian religion. In what is its value? It has valuable moral teaching. Its ethical

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system is the loftiest with which men are acquainted. Its precepts may not be practical of application under some conditions of modern life but notwithstanding it is ethically beautiful and lofty. It has a valuable moral example in Jesus. It has a worthy portrait of God. These are the common admissions of all men. But in none of these things is its real distinction. God as father, love as life's law, life after death—these are taught in other religions. Even the moral precepts of Christianity are not unique. What is its special value? Professor Everett, of Harvard, said it has no specialty and the peculiarity of it is in the perfect balance of its truths. Professor Harnack gave a good definition when he said, "Christianity is eternal life in the midst of time lived by the power and under the eyes of God." But he fails to show the method and power by which such life may be realized. In Harnack's book, *What is Christianity?* the teaching of Jesus makes the substance of the religion and the fact of Jesus, his significance, his function, all these are ignored. Jesus himself with the German theologian is no part of his own gospel. Professor Curtis in his recent book says, "You can in these lectures of Harnack readily recognize Christianity, and yet after all it is not fundamental Christianity which you recognize. It is as if a very skillful artist had painted the contour and the body of a man so as to make recognition instant

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and indubitable but had left out the man's face altogether, never once suggesting by so much as a stroke that the man had any face." If we leave out the Christian facts of the coming of the Son of God, his death and resurrection, we haven't any Christian religion. We have no explanation of its history and no explanation of its power. We have simply Judaism with a new and fine emphasis on its doctrines and precepts. There is something deeper. There is a secret treasure. Christianity has a peculiarly intense revelation of God given through special methods, awakening a peculiar response in the human soul and producing there a peculiar life. If we do not find God in Christ, if we do not find life in Christ, life spiritual and divine and therefore eternal, then we have not dug into the secret of our religion, we have been examining only its rim, its surface.

Take Jesus Christ, what is his secret? We would not say now, "There is no beauty in him that we should desire him." "Whatever the surprises of the future Jesus will never be surpassed," so said Renan. "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God," so said Rousseau. And Carlyle called him "our highest Orpheus ravishing the world with his sphere melody." And John Stuart Mill declared that he was "The best symbol of religion, and the best concrete expression of the rules

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of virtue." He does not lack admiration and appreciation. He is safely fixed among the heroes of history. But why? His character, conduct, teaching, may account for glowing literary estimates, but how shall we account, not for words of praise concerning him, but for worship, devotion, obedience? There is a secret in Jesus. What is it? Is it in his teaching? Is it in his character? These are surface things. And there is a frequent denial of any secret value in Christ. There is nothing in him that cannot be expressed in human terms and measured by human standards. To suppose anything else is to be fanciful. Miracle is quite out of the question—easily believed in the first century, but impossible of belief in the twentieth. And yet that sort of estimate is a refusal to do more than glance at the record, it is a mere surface scratching of the facts, which makes a hopeless puzzle of Christian history and a hopeless chaos of Christian faith. Those who are content with that sort of verdict are refusing to look Jesus in the face and refusing to open their ears to his story. His origin, his nature, his purpose in his life and death and resurrection, these items must be put into the inventory if we are to arrive at any conception of his value. If there is in him nothing but moral example and moral wisdom, he will not be passionately sought. He may be admired, imitated, but the soul will not be enraptured with him, will not exult in him, will not worship him.

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And now finally apply these principles to the church of Jesus Christ. The church must have secret treasure in her life to make her specially attractive. If church life be merely a thing of form, ceremony, philanthropy, she cannot be magnetic. The earliest church life had the secret of the **Spirit**, and though stakes and fires and wild beasts were the lot of those who were loyal, yet multitudes in increasing numbers rushed into the church. The blood of the martyrs became its seed. Not merely because there was a passionate, contagious heroism, but because in the church and in Jesus its head there was a life worth dying for. And then the church got cold, it increased in numbers and influence but became an establishment of form, discipline, authority. Its organization became elaborate, its influence became commanding, it was allied with the state, and the life of the Spirit languished. Yet the real life may be found below the surface here and there through history, in the Mystics, in the Waldenses, in the Franciscans, in the Lollards, in whom form did not take the place of life. And to-day what shall we say of the church? If it has no secret treasure in its life; if it is like the world, what possible attraction can it have for the world? It is the business of the church to include the world within its borders. But if its morals be the same as the world's, its amusements the same, its forms of service the same, why should the world be eager

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to enter? If there is no deep experience, no radiant devotion, no spiritual vision, no passion of joy, no splendid brave, bracing ethical life to serve as a rallying center for the noble and as a bugle blast for those who are morally timid, why come in? Is there any secret treasure in the church? Yes, thank God, to some extent. Is it in all the members of the church? Alas, no. Let us ask ourselves, then, are we uncovering in our lives the secret treasure of the grace of God? Underneath all religious rites, and ceremonies, and order, and work, have we radiant, holy, spiritual life? If we have that, even though the field in which it is hidden, our personality, our manner, our culture, our social place is not specially inviting, the treasure will urge men to make themselves possessors of it. When King Arthur established his Order of the Round Table, assuming the rule of his knights, the knights sang to him a song of welcome,

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing."

With no secret breathed in its soul by God, the church can expect no leadership.

God help us in his Book, in his Son, through his church, to have and show the secret and supreme glory of his own stainless, mighty life.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE HEROIC IDEAL

BY

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CLASS OF 1890.

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1 John 5. 4: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

ALL the world loves a hero. It has been said that "women adore power;" and it is certain that there is within the breast of every true man that which stirs and thrills at the sound of a brave word, the sight of an heroic deed, the tale of a noble triumph. The world loves a hero, and will honor him. "Republics" may or may not be "ungrateful," but the general heart of mankind will always respond with gratitude and admiration to genuine heroism.

But what is heroism? And who is, after all, the hero? Is heroism a virtue that flourishes only when we hear the ring of the bugle that calls into battle, and the boom of the cannon that flames death from its mouth? Or may we have heroes even when ships of war lie peacefully side by side, and there is no shock of charge, or hostile array of armies?

It is most evident that the world's ideal of heroism, the world's selection of him "whom the king should delight to honor," has varied with the cen-

turies. "Hero" means one thing to-day, in the dim past it meant quite another. A popular idol of the twentieth century before Christ might in the twentieth century after Christ be an obscurity.

To one who glances back over the story of the nations, primitive history seems but the record of brute struggle. The theme of such early poets as Homer is sieges, and bloody fields, and daring deeds of hand or foot. His heroes are the men of spear and sword and shield. Glory meant prowess in arms. Battles were only for crowns or kingdoms. Violence and lust were the ruling powers of the age. The very gods who were feared and worshiped, degrading godhood to the dust, mastered by desire, driven on by passionate love or hatred, plotted and warred with mortal man. The foundations of kingdoms were laid in blood, and each empire stood only until some mightier master came by, when it toppled at his touch. Might made right. The race for dominion was to the swift and the battle was to the strong.

The hero of the immortal Iliad was Achilles, who, after laying low many of the Trojan braves, drags his dead foe around the walls of the city at his chariot wheels, and might have sung his pæan of victory in the words, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even my keen eye and my powerful arm." In later days, it was in drinking at this very fountain of Homeric story that Alex-

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ander the Great imbibed his ideas of greatness. And though he was a despot and even fancied himself a god, though he could in cold blood thrust a spike through the body of a friend, could sneer at cries of agony under torture, could order the execution of innocent, helpless beings by the thousand—yet Alexander was the lauded hero of his day, simply because he had overrun country after country, and climbed, though it was over the bodies of slaughtered enemies, to the very summit of the world. And there he might have cried, as he smote his shield in triumph, “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even my spears, my darts, my Macedonian phalanx.” Cæsar was the idol of the strongest nation of antiquity only because he proved himself stronger than all that were against him; and as he conquered in Gaul or at Pharsalia, might well have shouted to the overlooking sky, “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even my solid squares, my invincible Roman legions.”

The age of muscle-worship is not over. Men are still sometimes called heroes because they have keen eyes, and mighty arms, and sinews of steel. There are twentieth century gladiators who by exhibitions of beastly strength can win the applause of the unthinking mob. There are still those, children in thought though men in years, who cling to the notion that was well-nigh universal in the

primitive childhood of the race, that physical force is the adorable thing; and the model of bodily perfection is still their hero.

But the Christian, while he can not despise the body, does not enthrone it; and the world as a whole has been moving away from the old, crude idea for centuries. Those men are belated in the march of progress who hold this antique notion of the hero. For while there are still standing armies and building navies, while an appeal to the hideous judgment of unchristian war is not yet so impossible among Christian nations that they dare to disarm themselves, Mars has been deposed from the kingship of the world. Men are measured no longer by their height, but by their depth. Nations are estimated, in the better judgment of mankind, not merely by the number of men they can put into the field within thirty days, or the tonnage of the battleships they can command upon the seas, but by their civilization—the comforts they provide for the mass of the people, the wealth they bring into the coffers of their merchants, the education they place within the reach of all, the scholars who man their universities—in a word, by the height to which culture and shrewdness have been able to raise them. The “successful man” is the man who has made his fortune or his reputation. The millionaire and the inventor are the heroes. Success in business, success in profession, success

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in society, these are the things most eagerly coveted by the mass. Brains and gold make the world of to-day "go 'round."

The struggles of these later years have ended in triumphs of money and of mind over matter. Into the difficult mysteries of nature men have been entering with increasing boldness and power. The heights of nature have been scaled not only by our climbers, but by our railroads; the depths of nature have gazed upon not only the plummet of the seaman, but the cable of commerce; the distances of nature have been annihilated by the wonders of our invention. The most profound problems of existence—of this life and the great unseen world, the Whence? the Why? the Whither?—have been bored into by the penetrative minds of our philosophers. The last five centuries have beheld marvelous advances in every realm of intellectual activity. Science, art, literature, philosophy, with united and eloquent voice proclaim man's supremacy, the glory of humanity, the brilliance of the light that has broken from the regions of clear thought.

And the world of to-day honors its thinkers. The name of the physician who discovers the remedy for a deadly disease is heralded over all Christendom; the inventor of a new machine is decorated with honors at the hand of royalty; and the great writer is rewarded not only with wealth but with

fame. This, too, is an era marked by the accumulation of vast fortunes, and the aggregation of capital into great corporations and trusts. And the man who wields the financial scepter becomes easily the master not only of individuals, but of legislatures, of nations. "This is the victory that overcometh" this world in the dawning of the twentieth century—even our pocketbooks and our brains!

Now, I shall not deny that this is progress. It is better for men to exercise their intellects than their fists; it is better for men to sharpen their wits than their swords. By so much as brain is superior to brawn, by so much we advance when Mars is cast down from his throne and we seat thereon even Mammon and Minerva! Victories of money and of mind are nobler than those of muscle. Better the philosopher than the prizefighter; better the peaceful victories of thought than the bloody victories of battle!

Yet I ask you still to notice that this is only a higher form of paganism, that the worship of intellect is as idolatrous as the worship of flesh and blood. And I call you to witness that there is something to be esteemed by men above all these things, and something which is winning increasing recognition in our modern life. Why do we honor our soldier-dead, why call them heroes? Not because they had strength to make long and toil-

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some marches; a beast of burden could do as much. Not because they were able to shoot straight and to strike hard; an outlaw might thus defend himself. But because they knew the thrill of a passion that could despise mere gain and advantage, that could place country above self. "They counted not their lives dear unto themselves." In hardship, in imprisonment, in death, they proved that dearer than wealth, or fame, or life itself were duty, honor, love of home, and love of country. And they "endured as seeing" always these invisible, yet precious, realities. A Benedict Arnold might be never so valiant, never so rich and shrewd; but because he failed in the higher contest against the temptation which assailed his honor, because patriotism was overwhelmed by self-seeking, his name has become a by-word and a hissing. There are cowards, after all, who slink defeated from the battle, yet who lack no strength of body or mind. And there are heroes who never touched a sword, never wrote a book or made a great discovery, or had an original thought—heroes not of body or of mind, but of spirit.

For there is a contest in which all men engage. The earth is only one vast battlefield. We call the landscape restful; we say the nation is at peace; we may even assert at times that the gates of Janus's temple are once more closed in token that the whole world together is free from the turmoil

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and horror of war. But we deceive ourselves. There is a war from which is no discharge. The world has never been at peace since the struggle began in the lives of the first moral beings, bringing fall and pain. It will never be at peace until that final victory of the Lamb, when all the powers of evil shall be cast into the lake of fire, and out of heaven shall come the new Jerusalem, and Paradise shall be built more fair upon the ruins of Eden.

“Did they finish the fight that day
When the Liberty Bell was rung?
Did they silence the noise of war
When Liberty’s triumph was sung?
Was Freedom made sovereign indeed,
When the old bell pealed to the world,
That the reign of oppression had ceased,
And the banner of freedom unfurled?
A battle has waged since the world was new,
The battle is on, God calleth for you.”

There is an irrepressible conflict in every continent, country, city, yes, within the secrecy of each human heart. Here are the finest opportunities for distinction. Here are the strongest foes, for “we fight not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers.” And here the real heroes are discerned. Conflicts of physical force will continue until the material world shall cease to be, and brute power will always have its heroes. Those mental struggles for mastery which began when man first learned to pry into the secrets of na-

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ture, or to perceive that he could think more quickly or foresee more accurately than his fellow—those struggles will go on, and the victors will still be crowned. But the distance Jesus Christ has brought us may be seen as we notice that men are coming more and more to acknowledge as the greatest hero of them all, not the man with the strongest arm or the strongest brain, but the man with the purest and most unselfish heart—the man who has conquered not simply difficulties about him but difficulties within him—the one greater than he that taketh a city, because he has conquered himself.

It is this conquest of which the apostle John is thinking as he utters the words of the text. He knows there are many worlds, many battles, many victories. But he thinks not of the lower orders of conflict. He stands at the top of the three steps. On the lowest stands the gladiator, with his brute strength and his victory after his kind; then stands the student, with pale face yet suffused with the glow of energy, and the look of conquest in his eye; for he too has won a victory after his kind. But the apostle looks about him; he sees that the greatest enemies have not yet been conquered. He looks for a higher victory than these have found. He pants with a loftier ambition. He sees the deathless struggle between right and wrong; he sees that in it God and angels and men and devils are

all engaged; he sees not only the stress of the struggle, but its outcome; and with shining face he utters his triumphant cry, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

If then, indeed, the supreme and noblest conflict of history be the everlasting, inevitable conflict between right and wrong, who is the true hero? It is that one born with adverse disposition, facing difficulties unknown to others, who yet, while misunderstood and unjustly censured, strives patiently toward the Christ-like ideal that seems so far away. It is that poor widow struggling in loneliness and tears to carry her burdens bravely, and to bring the fatherless children up to maturity pure and useful. It is that housewife, choked with petty cares, yet bearing a song in her heart and a cheery smile upon her face. Who is the true hero? It is that merchant who in the pressure of anxious thoughts and the fierce competition of business life keeps himself free from the bitterness and the selfishness which would degrade his character. It is that young woman placed amid frivolous surroundings, where to be earnest and true and womanly is hard, yet who achieves victory over downward and dissipating tendencies. Who is the hero? It is that young man, for whom it would be so easy to drift in the current of doubtful pleasures, to bend to custom, to be turned by ridicule, but who in the strength of an upright manhood puts beneath his

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feet impurity, dishonesty, gambling, and drunkenness, and will not be shackled by sin. It is the man, the woman, everywhere, who has found a purifying purpose and passion, whose life is given to the Kingdom, who stands for the things which are honorable and lovely and of good report—for justice, truth, knowledge, purity and brotherly kindness—apostles, martyrs, saints, all who march beneath the blood-red banner with which “the Son of God goes forth to war.” These are the heroes who give savor and light to our earth, these the men and the women who make the world worthy of the respect of angels and of God.

Their victory, and the only victory possible over the world of unrighteousness, is through “faith.” It is the grip upon an unseen truth, an unseen world, an unseen Being, and the self-committal to these, that make victorious men and women. Faith changes dwarfs into giants—that faith which makes a man the property of something outside of and above himself, and which brings an unquestioning obedience to this higher duty.

It is related of a certain general in the ninth century that a king was coming against him with 30,000 men, and sent him word that if he would surrender he would treat him and his scant five hundred followers with mercy. Turning to one of his followers, the general said, “Take that dagger and drive it to your heart.” The man at once

pressed the weapon to his breast, and fell dead at his commander's feet. "Leap into that chasm," said he to another, and the man leaped into the jaws of death; they saw him dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Then turning to the king's messenger, he said, "Go tell the king that I have five hundred such men. Tell him that we will die, but we will never surrender. Tell him that I will chain him with my dogs within forty-eight hours." When the king heard that he had such a man arrayed against him, it struck terror to his heart. His forces were demoralized, and within forty-eight hours the king was a captive and chained with the general's dogs.

Such passionate loyalty, springing from such implicit faith, is the pressing need of us, every one. For of such victory—or of shameful defeat—we are all partakers. Cowards cannot shirk the issue of the battle. Every man strikes daily blows for good or for evil, for God or for Satan. Every man daily conquers or is conquered in this most momentous of all contests. In no age will the "victory" over this "world" be won save through conflict. It must be a fighting race that shall shout the triumph. There are no "flowery beds of ease" on which laggards and poltroons shall be "carried to the skies."

Each age has its distinctive battle to fight—its special reforms to be wrought out; and to be a re-

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former needs courage the clearest and steadiest. And every generation has the same inward conflict to pass through—the same world of obstacles for the hesitating, of sorrows for the disheartened, of temptations for the weak. And such victorious faith is not only the need, but the possible possession of all. Mighty muscle, large brain—these may be beyond our reach; *all can have faith*. Amid the deprivations and disappointments of life, one there need not be. To every man is possible that faith in God and the right—that tight and personal grasp upon Divinity, that fellowship with the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ—which shall bring him off “more than conqueror” from the long battle of life. To this battle, with new courage, with firmer assurance of victory, let the apostle summon us to-day!

“Hangs a rare and ancient sword,
Where forgotten things are stored,
In my attic 'neath the eaves;
And, they say, it pierced them through
On the field of Waterloo—
The Napoleonic thieves.

“'Tis of metal Damascene,
And its edge is smooth and keen
As it was in days of yore;
But it hangs upon my wall,
Where the dusty sunbeams fall,
As a relic, nothing more.

“But there's a braver metal still—
Blades that were not made to kill

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Hang inglorious on the wall:
Wills, that battled once with fate;
Noble hearts, that once were great;
There they hang and waive it all.

“Flash of steel and cannon’s roar
Shall affright the world no more;
Sword, hang there, and rest thee well:
But awake, O Heart and Will!
For the battle rages still
On this field ‘twixt heaven and hell!”

THE GREAT DAY

BY

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CLASS OF 1891.

THE GREAT DAY

Rev. 6. 17. "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

THERE are three great days in a man's life—the day he is born, the day he marries, and the day he dies. The busy world may be indifferent to these common events, but to the individuals concerned they are truly great days. On the first, man begins his voyage on an untried sea. On the second great day he unites his fortunes with another. It must be either "for better" or "for worse" from that time on—it cannot be just the same. On the third great day his voyage ends in joy or sorrow. He sails triumphant into the long-sought harbor and anchors in the desired haven, or, waterlogged and broken, he is cast upon the reefs of a foreign shore, a lost and ruined wreck. It is a great day, which marks his final victory, or his utter and irreparable loss.

Nations have their great days also—great epochs, filled with events of thrilling interest and importance. That was a great day when, after long and anxious waiting, after toils and difficulties, doubts and dangers, America was discovered

and a new continent, destined to be the cradle of civil and religious liberty, and the pioneer in a new and higher civilization, was unfolded to the world.

On another great day the old colonial heroes bravely stood for American Independence, threw off the yoke of England and declared for the principles of freedom and equality among men, in words which have become familiar throughout the civilized world.

That was a great day which saw the close of our Civil War. After four years of darkness and threatened disasters to the glorious Union a shout went up from the millions in joyful proclamation that the Union was saved, the slaves were free, the war was over.

The world has seen its great days. Great deeds have been done on this old earth of ours, deeds which affect the whole creation for weal or woe.

1. The world's birthday. The earth and all thereon sprang into life fresh from its Maker's hand. It was not only new but it was good. It came forth beautiful and bright, teeming with life, fragrant with flowers, vocal with praise. It smiled upon heaven in grateful pleasure, folding in its fairest garden the jewel humanity, for which the whole frame was set. Heaven smiled back upon earth. Holy angels and holy man shared the joy of the Holy Trinity on this first great day of the world

—a day which gave no promise of the doom impending.

2. Man's failure and fall. That was a great day when this fair picture was marred by the transgression. Horrible discord disturbed the harmony of nature when sin came to Eden. Death followed hard upon the heels of sin. Strife, blight and the foul stench of rotting carcasses threw their baneful pall over the scene, and darkness reigned. Never has there been another day so dark as that on which man brought upon himself and his posterity the penalty for sin. Yet even in this hour of deserved misery he was not left alone. A light shone through the darkness which bade him hope. God promised a Deliverer.

3. The Atonement. A great day was that which witnessed the death on the cross of Jesus the Son of God; when a fountain was opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness—a fountain rich and full and free. The bloody sacrifices were completed forever in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world—the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. A great day for the world collectively! A great day for each individual soul—for you, for me! What would we be but for that great day of multiplied, magnified and immeasurable mercy? Well may the poet sing:

“Extended on a curséd tree,
Covered with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God.

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"Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

"I, I alone have done the deed;
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

"For me the burden to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

"My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless, to all, thy glory show.

"Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till, loosed from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest."

4. The Judgment. The other days of which I have spoken are past. This is yet to come. The day is coming when the purpose of God in the creation of the earth and man will be accomplished. Then will be the end of time. The earth will be destroyed and the destiny of the human race will be fixed for eternity. As the judgment will consist in the passing of sentence for the deeds done in the body, each soul will have fixed its own destiny which will be then declared.

The doctrine of eternal punishment is terrible in thought and the mind shrinks from its contem-

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plation. It is not strange that some have revolted from it, declaring it inconsistent with what is plainly taught of the goodness and mercy of God. I have no desire to argue the point but to state the plain truth for which the Scriptures are authority.

It is a truth of Scripture that godliness is profitable and an evil life is prolific of its own fruit, even in the brief period man may spend on earth. We read: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Looking about us we see it exemplified in a thousand ways. As men practice the principles of justice, beneficence and forgiveness, they grow in beauty and strength of character, and in honor and influence among their kind. The Golden Rule applied to the common things of life brings a harvest so rich and full that time as well as eternity is brightened. So, on the other hand, do fraud, wrong and hate bring a harvest of pain and sorrow.

But God's laws are not general rules to which there may be numerous exceptions. To be worthy of him they must be perfect and work with unvarying precision. The punishment must be proportionate to the offense and no guilty man must escape. It is not so on earth, if human understanding may judge, and reason must concur with revelation in directing our minds to a state of future retribution. We see Dives arrayed in purple and

fine linen, feasting in the halls of pleasure, and Lazarus in rags, in hunger, and in pain, sitting on the ground. We see wickedness vaunting itself upon the housetop and virtue shamed in the dust. We see Truth on the scaffold and Wrong on the throne. Not "always" or "forever" as Lowell has it, but often enough to perplex and dismay us if there were no appeal to the future where all wrongs shall be righted, discrepancies removed, and Justice vindicated.

To the believer in revelation there is no puzzle in these temporary distortions. Like Paul's "light afflictions" they are but for a moment, while the Divine adjustment will be perfect and eternal.

The following is submitted as Scripture proof of a general judgment:

2. Thes. 1. 6-7. Seeing *it is* a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels.

Luke 14. 14. And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

These promises are founded upon justice. Without the promise a just God would not fail to deal fairly by his creatures. With the promise he is doubly bound to straighten all things at the final reckoning.

Rom. 2. 15. Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and *their*

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thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one another.

Acts 24. 25. And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled.

Dan. 5. 5-6. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

The human conscience gives testimony with wonderful unanimity to the existence of moral law and man's accountability thereto. Its sting is sharpest at the approach of death. This would not be true if death were the end of terrors to the sinning soul.

Rom. 14. 12. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.

Man's relation to God is that of a created thing. The Maker has the absolute right to give to his creature a law and to hold him accountable for the breach of it.

The following passages leave no shadow of doubt as to what the Scriptures teach on this subject:

Jude 14-15. Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.

2. Cor. 5. 10. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things *done* in *his* body, according to that he hath done, whether *it be* good or bad.

Rom. 14. 10-11. For we shall all stand before the judgment

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seat of Christ. For it is written, *As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.*

2. Thes. 1. 8-9. Taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power.

1. Thes. 4. 16-17. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

"When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!"

Philosophy and religion alike, whether in plain and sober prose, elaborate rhetoric, or in poetic phrase expressed, teach and emphasize the fact of a final day of settlement. In the passage under consideration it is called the day of wrath; but the Judge will be no more angry then than he is now. "God is angry with the wicked every day." By a figure of speech it is called a day of wrath. It is the day on which the wrath of God will be made manifest. The bottled vengeance of Omnipotence will be unstopped and the contents poured forth to the very dregs. May the Holy Spirit help us to fix our thought upon it!

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Nowhere can be found a more graphic and thrilling picture of the consternation and dismay of godless men than in the passage immediately preceding the text. John had an object lesson. He *saw* and wrote and wrote it down that we also might see; and, seeing, remember that those who will sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind: "And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal; and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

These are not John's words. They are quoted from the lips of the terrified mortals who shall be upon earth when these things come to pass. They

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are not the words of good men; for such will have no cause to fear the face of him that sitteth upon the throne or the wrath of the Lamb. It is the voice of conscious guilt—a forced confession that they are deserving of wrath and condemnation.

Though only a quotation, and a quotation from the lips of wicked men, the words contain, nevertheless, a lesson which we may profitably study, if only for a few moments.

(1) They show the influence of Scripture truth on the minds of those who do not heed, and who may profess to disbelieve it.

(2) They indicate the justice of God's final judgments on the wicked by showing that they shall be their own accusers.

(3) They reveal the innate cowardice of the wicked heart.

(4) They admonish us to avoid a like calamity.

And now, finally, some observations:

1. The immediate prospect of death is wonderfully quickening to the moral sense. Men see then very clearly what was unperceived before. The appetites and passions warp, and dwarf, and blind us. Desire for ease and pleasure, pride, envy, covetousness, resentment, malice, hate, all play their part in forming the prejudices and opinions of mankind. Whenever the divine will antagonizes at some vital point the human, the deceitful heart seeks diligently some way of escape from the law

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of obedience. Sometimes it is by open and avowed rebellion. More often it is by some subtile process of false reasoning by which the wrong is made to seem right and the right wrong. Sometimes the divine authority is denied and man assumes the role of arbiter of his own deeds. But when these earthly substances which seem so secure and permanent begin to lose their form, become shadowy and indistinct, presaging their removal from the sight and sense, the eternal verities loom up with startling clearness. Among them the broken laws of nature and of nature's God stand forth. Truth forgotten and truth ignored get a hearing at last. It may be too late for works of righteousness or even for saving faith! but the oft and long abused conscience asserts itself and in agony the soul shrieks out its witness to the truth that God reigns and all his foes are doomed.

"I believe all will finally be saved no matter how they live," said a certain man; "God is too good to send anyone to hell." But on his deathbed, in the prime of life, his cup of pleasure drained to the dregs, exhausted nature refusing to recruit his wasted energies, pale, emaciated, faint—the awful sense of an uncertain future overwhelming him—the horrors of remorse distracting his inmost soul—the bitter cup of despair persistently held to his lips by the unrelenting hand of an abused and now fully awakened conscience—his hope that all would

finally be well was swept away. With the dread realities of eternity before his eyes he cried: "O! I can't die; there is no mercy now for me; God can't forgive me now. O! how I wish I had lived differently: if I could only live I would lead a better life!" But he died—a witness to the word, every tongue shall confess.

2. There was a man on trial accused of murder. The victim was his own aged father. The evidence was entirely circumstantial and there were some doubts of his guilt. The testimony was all in. An eloquent attorney had concluded his argument for the defense and the prosecuting officer rose and began to speak: "Gentlemen, you have listened patiently to the evidence in this case. I frankly confess that you may justly entertain some doubts of the prisoner's guilt. It looks as though he may not have done the deed of which he is accused. But somebody did it. Who? I hear no answer. The secret lies locked in the bosom of the murderer and buried in the grave of the silent victim. The living will not speak. Then let us ask the dead. Go with me to the tomb. Dig up the still soft earth. Unscrew the coffin lid and raise that stiffened form. Brush back the gray locks from that cold brow, and turn those stony eyes upon the young man here."

The prisoner, who had listened in evident terror to these thrilling words, started from his seat, great beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead;

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trembling in every limb he cried: "My God! Judge, I killed him! I killed him!"

Before God's bar no long array of witnesses will swear away the lives of those who there appear. The soul branded with the memory of its own deeds will stand condemned by self-accusing conscience. The judgment will consist in passing sentence on confessed sinners who cry Amen to their own damnation.

3. The wicked heart is a cowardly heart. It requires courage to be upright and true. Men steal to hide their poverty—too cowardly to appear just what they are. They lie to hide their crimes—too cowardly to face the consequences of their deeds. The long-accumulated score of crime and falsehood must at last be all uncovered—uncovered not simply before men of like passions and tendencies to sin, but before the pure eye of an offended God.

The wicked heart is never in peace or at rest. Repose and reflection are incompatible with a life of sin. It dare not stop and think. Much of the evil that men do is the result of a mad effort to escape from themselves. They dare not honestly look themselves over and take an account of stock. They seek to hide even from themselves their leanness and poverty of soul. They persuade themselves that what is invisible is non-existent, or at least not known; and when they do not see they fancy that they are not seen. Their only refuge

and reliance in the presence of real or imaginary danger are in concealment, or in flight.

What wonder, then, this cry to the rocks and mountains! They were once allies and friends. Outlaws from all time have found refuge under the strong impregnable rocks; from such retreats they could defy their foes. Mountains with inaccessible steeps and dark, dangerous, impenetrable caverns have been the fortresses of fugitives from human justice. But now, the rocks melt, the mountains flee. Guilty man shall have no hiding place that day; not on the earth, for every grave shall open and the dead come forth into the light; not in the sea, for every wave is tossing on the beach the bones of long-forgotten victims to her ravages. Nowhere under the broad canopy of heaven shall be found a place into which the craven can slink away unnoticed by the Judge. Once he could escape detection by falsehood; responsibility, by fraud; trouble, by drunkenness; prison, by suicide; but now, iniquities unnumbered have overtaken the man who dishonored and rejected God.

4. By this revelation of the helpless and hopeless condition at the last of those who reject the Lord, we are admonished to avoid a similar fate. Shall we heed the warning?

The thoughtless youth says, "No, not now; there is time enough. I am too young to burden myself with thoughts of the hereafter. Wait till I have

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tasted of the pleasures of life." So he goes on, like the unthinking horse rushing into battle, till suddenly the stream of life runs out and leaves him stranded on the shores of eternity. The busy man says, "Yes, I know I ought; I have thought of it many times; just a little while longer. I am crowded with the cares of life. Many things demand my thought and attention. Soon, very soon, I shall attend to this matter." So the days glide away, and death calls him to an eternity of regrets.

The old and hardened sinner says, "I am too old now. I should have attended to it long ago, in my younger days. My habits of life and modes of thought are fixed; I try, but cannot change them. I must take the next world as I find it." And so he dies. Deaf and blind he topples over into the abyss of woe.

Boys, young men, middle aged, old men, hear me! The great day of his wrath will come; and who shall be able to stand? Surely not those who trample under foot the tender mercies of the Son of God, and count the blood of the covenant where-with they are sanctified an unholy thing. Be wise; be wise in time!

Who shall be able to stand? Hear David. He asks in the twenty-fourth psalm, "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" And then he answers his own question. "He that hath clean hands and a

pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully." Not the proud and vain and foolish; not the false and foul; but the meek, the clean, the true. Love God. Love him with the whole heart. Serve God. Serve him with an undivided mind. And "when the day of the Lord shall come as a thief in the night: in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up," you shall be able to stand.

Plant your feet on the Rock of Ages; and when the earth shall reel and rock like a drunken man you shall be able to stand. Lay hold on the promises of Jesus; and when the sky is rolled up like a scroll, the sun is blotted out and the stars fall from their places, these signs of ruin and disaster shall not move your undaunted spirit. The clean-handed shall wait on Jesus; the pure-hearted shall see Jesus; the meek shall share the kingdom with Jesus; the truthful tongue shall sing the praises of Jesus; while the doomed howl and tremble and seek in vain to fly from the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

THE LIFE TEACHER

BY

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CLASS OF 1892.

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Matt. 9: 9. "Jesus saith unto him, Follow me."

God is the great teacher of the ages, but men have been slow to discover many of his clearest principles of action. His ordinary methods of operation in the physical world, while unchanging, have required long centuries for groping humanity to discern. The voices of the rustling leaves, the murmuring streams, the dancing sunbeams, the tugging planets and the enveloping atmosphere are even yet sentences in a half-known tongue, and disclose but the whisperings of truth. Concerning God's relation to human life and the spiritual world the race has been even more obtuse, though his real attitude to man has been the same.

It was a great stride in the progress of education when Froebel enunciated his principle of natural development, whereby the teacher enters the common plane of the child-life and, finding the point of contact in the objects and conditions of the child-world, walks with him upward by easy steps toward the light. It was a far greater thing for the race that God had been dealing with humanity on this principle through all history. The In-

carnation was the consummate manifestation of this method, whereby Christ, coming among men as man, and taking the objects and conditions of daily life and common interest, led his people up to the higher thoughts of the larger and purer life. It was a divine plan for the full and harmonious development of man's nature from the degraded human to the divine. Further than this, the Incarnation was a living expression of God's nature to man. It was God's personal influence upon man. Life is the only medium for the conveyance of life, and the more perfect the medium the more powerful the flow. The tremendous force or energy which was involved in social history through Jesus Christ was because of the perfect medium or conductor of the life and influence of God to man.

All teaching is potent and all objects of value according to the measure of life possessed. An old homestead is of special worth only to the family interested. An old piece of furniture acquires value from its associations. These familiar homely lines express it:

"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
'Tis bound by a thousand ties to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? A *mother* sat there;
A sacred thing is that old armchair."

America has as beautiful lakes as "e'er the sun

shone on," but they have not yet acquired the fascination which lurks about the haunts of a Wordsworth and others of the great English poets. The rivers of Abana and Pharpar, the Hudson, the Saint Lawrence and the Mississippi are much more pure and majestic than the Jordan, yet the Palestine stream will live on as the first among the rivers of earth because its banks were hallowed by the footsteps of the Nazarene.

Men, like children, learn the language of life more readily than the language of books. History expresses itself more vividly as we come to appreciate that it is simply biography. The Bible never becomes truly a great revelation to man until he discovers that there is a "man in the book;" that its pages are trembling with the breath of a Christ disclosed; that it preserves the warm heart-beat of its humble authors as the seashell retains something of the music of the sea. The effectiveness of preaching is found only as we present a living Christ. Dogma, philosophy and theology may change—an eminent German declares that "philosophy becomes bankrupt every thirty years"—but the old, old story is as fresh and modern as the flowers of the spring. Man may be skeptical concerning some theory of astronomy, but he believes in the stars and the glorious dawning of the day; he may reject botany, but not the fragrance or beauty of the rose; he may refuse my theology, but not the life

and character of Jesus. Describe not to me the flower's fragrance, but let me inhale it; tell me not of the song of the bird, but let me hear its gushing melody; theorize not to me of the Atonement, but take me to the bleeding, suffering Christ of Calvary and I accept in him the story of redemption.

The mission of all earnest souls in relation to society is found in the following of Jesus who declared his purpose to be the impartation of life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The call of the disciples to follow Jesus was not that he might lay down rules for their conduct, but impart principles. Rules are external, but principles are a part of being. "Rules make Pharisees: principles make Christians." His purpose was not to impart ideas simply, but to bring them under the influence of ideal forces. "Knowledge is power," we say, but it is only as it is knowledge assimilated. Truth is of little value to society until it gets into personal solution. Take the process of electroplating, and we require more than the proximity of the baser to the higher metal, more even than the electric current running between the two. The richer metal must get into solution before it can be transmitted to the poorer. So between lives the possession of knowledge or of personal magnetic influence is not sufficient. Our ideas and knowledge must come into life solu-

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tion before the essence can become sufficiently refined to be transmitted to other minds or lives.

The value of all knowledge and life to society is found in the degree of their communicability. Our worth as preachers or teachers, as parents or citizens, will be according to the measure of our communicable possessions. Herein lies the philosophy of our Methodist emphasis upon experience. In order to help win the world we must not only have the statement of a saving gospel fact, but a *vitalized* fact, the offspring of our own being. Only thus can we find open communication to other lives. Dr. Chalmers talked of "blood-earnestness." It is a good term for the strenuous youth of to-day. Our religious experience must be deep enough to get into the blood so as to reach the springs of our being, and flow out through all our contacts until we go into the world and after the world as Jesus did. So our service and sacrifice and oneness with the Father may be the means of introducing something of heaven's rich life into the impoverished earth-life. Thus we shall be workers together with God, like Christ communicating life unto man.

The world needs inspiring life. There are responsive chords in the lives of all men which may be awakened by a master hand, but there are few masters.

"It takes a soul
To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty:
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's-breadth off
The dust of the actual."

A few men have transferred ideal creations to verse or canvas, stone or staff. A few have conceived and achieved systems of law, ethics or philosophy. But far beyond the creations of an artist or a philosopher, is the work of one who paints a rainbow in the face of a child; who awakens the vision-faculty until its ideal structures stir the hearts of youth to noble aspirations and endeavor; who introduces plastic minds and impressionable life to the great lives in whom God's thoughts are in solution.

The most brilliant soldier of the civil war was General Sheridan. The most brilliant incident of the war occurred in the Shenandoah Valley, October 19, 1864. The union troops were attacked by the confederates under General Early at Cedar Creek, and ignominiously routed. Their leader, who had been absent for a few hours at Washington, was on his return, when, in the early dawn, he heard the sound of cannon twenty miles away. The ride from Winchester has become famous, yet many a man could have made it. The real greatness of the scene was manifest when the great cavalry leader met his struggling, fleeing forces, and, by the sheer force of his own invincible personality, stopped their inglorious flight and, re-forming, hurled them like a thunderbolt against the exultant pursuers, wresting victory from defeat. That was inspiring leadership. That was courage in solution. What

the world needs is that type of life which can stop a boy or a man when he is on the run downward, and launch him with a moral initiative heavenward through the paths of hope and rectitude.

The great life of the past, as well as that of the present, contributes to this end, for "God's law, since the starry song began, has been and still forevermore must be, that every soul which shall out-live time's span, must spur the soul to be erect and free."

"The world will be lonesome without you," are words which might be spoken not only over the grave of a Webster but of the greater dead, in the potencies of their influence, were they gone from us. Beecher, however, has voiced well the truth of the immortals in his eulogy over Lincoln: "Dead, he yet speaks to us. Is Washington dead? Is David dead? Is Hampden dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live, dead? Disenthralled of life and risen in that unobstructed realm where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome." Such life increases with the years and is a "blessing of the Holy Spirit in miniature" upon lesser souls while it wooes them to higher living. How preëminently this is true of Jesus, whose life looms larger through the years and feeds the multitude as the wind-swept moun-

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tains feed yearly the impoverished fields below. He, above all, may well draw the mind from his verbal teaching to himself and invite men below to "Believe Me;" "Follow Me;" "Feed on Me."

The attitude of our life to higher personal influences has much to do with our development. Every man who is rightly constructed has an impulse upward. It is found in connection with all normal life. Lowell suggests it when he writes:

"Every clod has a stir of might,
An instinct within it which reaches and towers,
And groping blindly upward for light,
Climbs to a soul in the grass or the flowers.

"Why, everything is upward striving,
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As the grass to be green, or the sky to be blue;
'Tis the natural way of living."

As we turn to man, created with divine possibility, we should at least find as much "upward striving" as in the grass or the flowers. All progressive life must open the portals of life and heart to the higher influences as naturally as plant life opens its leaves to the sun. "The whole philosophy of education is the breaking down of the middle wall between two minds, so that the higher is freely given to the lower and the lower surrenders itself to the higher." The philosophy of salvation in both beginning and progress is the same. A man starting on his way upward is like a ship

passing through a great system of locks, such as we find in our canals. Moving forward, he shuts the gates behind him against the lower life in which he has moved and, opening the sluice-ways, receives from the life above until, rising to a higher level, he can move onward another stage in life progress; and again shutting the gates behind, and surrendering himself to the life above, rises again, and thus by successive levels moves upward and onward to the life of the Infinite.

Now we ask you to listen to the invitation of the One who justly claimed to be "the way, the truth and the life," and declared that no one could come unto the Father but by him. Why should you follow the lowly Nazarene? He has never produced a great poem, like Homer or Dante, nor a great philosophy, like Plato or Aristotle, nor a great painting, like Raphael or Titian, nor a great oratorio, like Handel. No; but he has produced great life and created poems and pictures and philosophies and oratorios in the hearts and lives of his followers. Why follow? Because he is the only thoroughly saving life you can follow, divine yet human, extraordinary yet ordinary, exceptional yet universal. He was not too fine to enter the common duties of life, nor too ethereal for communion with our nature, its soiled hands, troubled hearts, and weak wills. He was not an inimitable hero, but an imitable Son of man, and from the

heights on which he stands he invites the world to follow, so he may relate us at once to God and the universe, push out the horizons and introduce us to the extent of our Father's Kingdom and the possibilities of our own lives.

Finally, we may well remember that his potent, personal and divine influence is not spent on us, but reinforces and divinizes our own personality so that it is plowing into the brain tissues and pulling at the heart strings of those about us, repeating daily the invitation, "Follow Me." Our personal influence is added to the common stock which is preserving the social fabric by counteracting the immoral gravitation downward, and inspiring young and old to a higher life.

Life is the only thing of value. How to save life is the world's great problem. The solution of it in the past, and we dare say for the present, is found in the applied power of consecrated personality. Our inspiration for personal development and saving service is found in him who taught no system, nor code, but strove to reproduce within others the principles which controlled his own being and for this purpose invited and invites the world to follow. Would that we might all repeat the simple lines our children sing:

"I can hear my Saviour calling,
In the tenderest accents calling,
Though the way be dark, appalling,
I'll go with him, with him all the way."

A BELATED AVOWAL

BY

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CLASS OF 1892.

“A BELATED AVOWAL”

John 19. 39: “And there came also Nicodemus (which at the first came to Jesus by night) and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight.”

THIS is our third and last opportunity of acquaintance with Nicodemus. Twice before has this stately, half melancholy figure appeared in Saint John's story. The text itself adverts to a world-famous interview of this eminent councilman with Jesus. And he will be remembered also as standing for legal fairness and public decency in that Council which, riding down all principles of equity, condemned Jesus to death without a hearing. Neither picture is altogether flattering to Nicodemus, as we shall later see.

He comes into prominence here, however, as the doer of one of the few really graceful things that were ever done for Jesus. The tragedy on Golgotha was over. Three forms hung limp and forlorn. That most fateful of all days of the human calendar had drawn heavily on to its evening. Neglect and hate in pitiless combination had wreaked their worst upon the gentle Son of God. It was night—peculiarly the time for Nicodemus to appear. A nameless and forever indefinable pall seemed to

hang in the air. Blackness blacker than mere night had smitten earth. Then out of the dark of that darkest night stood two eager figures, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, the one bearing burial spices and grave wrappings, the other offering a sepulcher for the torn body of Mary's Son.

It may be profitless to speculate as to what might have happened had not Joseph and Nicodemus arrived just as they did. We know, however, what usually happened to the poor, broken bodies of those upon whom the Courts had spent their fury. Such bodies were flung outside the walls into a hideous ravine, with the offal of the city and the decaying carcasses of dogs and cattle. Ge-hinnon, or Gehenna, or, as the word was translated in our Authorized Version, "hell," was the cesspool of Jerusalem. To its nameless shame and utter ignominy were left the bodies of men and women adjudged unworthy of burial, or denied the last offices of friendship.

Is it conceivable, even, that the lifeless form of "that Man," at whose name nineteen centuries of the greatest and best of men have reverently bowed, could have been so shamelessly treated? It is at least conceivable. Indeed I do not see how such frightful sacrilege could have been prevented except by these two opportune arrivals. Humanly speaking, Joseph and Nicodemus came just in the nick of time. Not only so; but they were person-

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ages of such importance in the city that their mission was not likely to be disregarded. Their position gave them power. They were accustomed to be obeyed. Their will might easily become the law of the realm. And they were possessed, moreover, of abundant means to do what the little group of fisherfolk, with all their love and grief, could not possibly have done. Joseph was rich, and he offered a hitherto unused sepulcher to Jesus. Nicodemus was rich, and he brought a hundred pounds of the choicest burial spices known to his day. Let their beautiful service never be forgotten. With all our tributes to Thomas and praises for Peter and Paul; with the immortal remembrance of a spikenard box and the cleansing tears of Mary; with our niches and shrines and temples for acknowledged saints of the ecclesiastical calendar, let us remember also those two gracious souls who hurried through the dark, that dreadful Friday night, to save Christ's dear body from shameful treatment. Neither of them had been yet known as a disciple. No tally of the friends of the Nazarene would have included these two. On the contrary, it is quite probable that until the rendition of this tenderly beautiful service to his body they might have been counted among the enemies of Christ. For Nicodemus, as you recall, had come to Jesus "by night" only. And I am not aware that Joseph of Arimathea had ever come at all. Their

discipleship was entirely of the heart: they had not as yet confessed it. The world could not surely know what they had taken such pains to conceal. But when the world's Man hung in apparently absolute failure and utter ignominy between earth and sky, and none but a bare handful of humble folk "so poor to do him reverence," these two notable citizens threw off all reserve and stood forth in immortal devotion to the memory of Christ.

We may be grateful, therefore, that an unavowed discipleship found avowal at length. Thank God for a devotion which, in an ultimate moment, leaped into full and glorious bloom. Among the rarest of earth's flowers are some whose maturing is painfully long and whose blossoming takes place only at night. From seed to flower the century plant must have a hundred years. The wonderful "night blooming Cereus" never puts on its glorious robes except amid the shadows of night—you must keep awake to see them. And the fabled "aloe plant," about which someone has sung so ecstatically, "blooms but once, and in blooming dies." So, often, with human hearts: they are wearily slow in coming to the revelation of their best and deepest selves. They flower; but only when other hearts hang drooping or have shut their petals with the sinking of the sun. And the earlier reserve of such spirits does but render the later self-revelation more impressive.

You will see this in various departments and experiences of life. Who was the famous painter that kept his greatest canvas concealed from public view for many years, as if forsooth he could not trust to declare himself its creator? It is said that the great Charles Darwin was personally convinced of the truth of the scientific dictum which bears his name, a decade or so before he gave that dictum public utterance. Not yet was he willing to avow his discipleship of the famous "Origin of Species." Not until he had pondered further. Let those remember who so prematurely (and with so different spirit) censured and condemned him. For years he waited, brooded, pondered, delved; and then, at length, he offered the contribution of his immortal life-work to the world. And he is only one of many in such respect. It is characteristic of the finest, maturest thinkers of our day that they hold their conclusions in solution until ripening conditions, or some sudden rush of events, precipitates their thinking in definite statement.

There are women who never yield confession of their supreme passion except under pressure of some extraordinary event. Year upon year such a woman may love with intensifying yearning. Yet the world has never guessed her love. The real meaning of the "worm in the bud" is not even dimly apprehended. She is not one of those women whose devouring passion gets notoriety and popular sym-

pathy. Nor will the world *ever* know except for the touch of tragedy which lays her secret bare. Naught but the pressure of utter loyalty in a moment where silence would be disloyalty; only the presence or proximity of death, perhaps; only the sight of her beloved—helpless, smitten or undone—could suffice to provoke a declaration of her love.

So with some men's confession of Jesus Christ. Save for the sobriety of their lives and the correctness of their deportment, none would ever surmise that they had "been with Jesus and learned of Him." They have given no other sign. They would shrink to-day from confession of faith in any of its familiar forms. They have come to Jesus "by night," like Nicodemus of old. They are disciples of Jesus, "but secretly," like Joseph of Arimathea. Their names are not found upon the records of any Church. They would not be counted in the census of the various denominations. Yet their discipleship is real and true. And it would burst into open devotion under some such rush of tragedy as brought Nicodemus and Joseph to Jesus. Let an utter shame be threatened him; let vandal hands attempt his crown; let ribald atheism lift its heel against the Son of God, and these hitherto secret disciples will come out into the open as staunchest champions of Christ.

It was in a parlor car, among a group of men. All sorts of things were talked of, all sorts of

questions discussed. The vein was sometimes high and sometimes utterly frivolous. Then one of the company began to verge on sacrilege; grew "funny" in his sneers at faith, and ended by throwing an insult at the name of Jesus. Instantly another member of the group grew white. His eyes flashed danger. And when he spoke the insulter shrank back shamefaced into his seat. But that stout defender of Christ had never been known as a Christian. He was only one of the "good fellows" of the road. No tally of disciples would have included him. It needed the gust of blasphemy to fan his secret discipleship into a flame.

All of which is noble and heartening in one of its aspects. But the picture has another aspect which we cannot afford to miss. Pay Nicodemus all the just compliments we may, there is yet one reproach of which we cannot clear him. Beautiful as was the thing he did, it was very far from a reasonable and adequate service of Christ. Days had been when the "Man of Sorrows" needed friends far more than he needed them after Jewry had done its worst. Times there had been when loyalty would have counted far more than could spice and a welcoming sepulcher now. O, the pity that discipleship should have declared itself only when the best and utmost that it could offer were the rites of sepulcher and lavish embalming spices.

Let us look again at the earlier photographs of

Nicodemus. See how fresh and unfaded they are. Nicodemus has been dead for nineteen centuries, yet I meet him or his counterpart every day. How like the moods of modern men was his discipleship. Take that famous night scene with which the world is so familiar. "There was a man named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night." Why "by night?" Why did he come by night? Because he was in a hurry, says Dr. Matheson, and could not wait for day. So eager was he to know the truth that he came when the passion seized him. It is an interesting interpretation, quite the opposite of that generally afforded. It might, of course, be true. Far be it from me to leave Nicodemus in darker shade than needful. I should personally like to believe Dr. Matheson correct. But the man whose features are so clearly etched by the sacred historian was very far from being one of those eager souls which reck not what the world thinks or says about them. Nicodemus, on the contrary, was a man of extreme caution. He was a conservative by instinct and training. Eager to arrive at the truth, he was equally alert not to subject himself to unnecessary criticism in reaching it. He might indeed become a martyr in some most holy cause, but he must not be expected to erect with his own hands the scaffold on which he was to suffer martyrdom. He "came to Jesus by night;" so furtively and with such infinite precau-

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tion against discovery, that men not a hundredth part as good as he have called him "coward" ever since.

What is it makes us so timid in our highest pursuits and on our sweetest errands? I have known the choicest souls to flush and cringe in the fulfillment of the divinest commissions as if, indeed, they had been apprehended in acts of sheer wantonness or unbranded folly. The average good boy of a dozen years would rather be caught stealing apples than at his prayers. How nervously some housewives whisk the open Bible out of sight if any of their more worldly friends drop in unheralded. There are multitudes of worthy folks who, whenever they set forth upon an errand of mercy, with a basket of good things for some sickroom, or a cheque for some poor woman's rent, insist upon having all the blinds shut and all the shades drawn as they fare down the street. Let me pause right here to invite people to this chancel, or ask them to rise in the seats as an open confession of Christ, and men who would not wince under other circumstances before a thousand auditors, women who thrill with conscious pride and are most at their ease when they know that all eyes are admiringly following them, seem fairly anchored to their pews. How strange and sometimes exasperating it all is! To be so faint in the pursuit of truth; to be so unconscionably timid in the direction of goodness;

to be so hesitant concerning the declaration of one's allegiance to those ideals of which he has most right to be proud—how like Nicodemus this is.

"I'll think about it," was a man's reply to my appeal on behalf of my Master; "I promise you to think about it." The words have a hopeful ring. Alas, that they usually mean so little! That particular response was either honest or dishonest. If he did not really intend to "think about it," he might have saved himself the lie. And if he meant to give the subject serious consideration, how much longer would he need? Why should men demand such "extension of time" in their choice of the supreme good? This was no new theme. It needed not more thought but action. I notice that men start on the most unworthy paths with scarcely any previous consideration at all. One invitation to crime is frequently enough. But let me press the supreme claim of the human soul and of the soul's Master, and the answer I commonly get is that men will "think about it." For shame, men. Not thinking but acting; not surreptitious and half-covered virtue, but open, glad goodness; not night visits to the Saviour of men, but full noonday confession of his help and light—this is our paramount need.

But the second photograph of Nicodemus must not be omitted from our study. It was taken dur-

ing a session of the famous Council of his nation. Nicodemus was a member of the body which condemned Jesus to death. He refused, however, to concur in the decision. He was too fair a man, by far, to lend himself to such obvious travesty upon the name of justice. He utterly repudiated the whole unrighteous proceeding. Remembering, perhaps, his own night interview with the white-souled Man now so cruelly maligned, he felt himself grow hot against the outrage of it all. John tells us precisely what Nicodemus said on that occasion: "Doth our law judge any man before it hear him and know what he doeth?" Thank God, somebody protested. It was a kind, a just thing to say. But it lacked *heat*. It was comparatively mild when instead it should have been superlatively invective. True, he might not have succeeded in swinging the Council back toward a fairer mood. High though he stood in the estimation of his peers, he might very probably have been borne down by sheer weight of numbers and rush of venom. Indeed his championship of the right might have cost him his life with Christ's. Ah, but his soul, like that of John Brown, would have gone "marching on." This was the one supreme opportunity of Nicodemus's life, to honor Jesus by defending him, but Nicodemus let the chance go by with a bare technical protest against the irregularity of the proceeding.

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How weak we still are in defense of right and truth. We are mild when we ought to be righteously mad, gentle when we should be gigantic, cool when the call is to be caloric, patient when God is summoning us to be supremely pitiless. Times are when it is no less than a mark of shame for any son of God to be calm. Some citadel of faith is being attacked. Sunday is covertly menaced or brazenly outraged. Womanhood is cheapened or held up to wanton sport. Christ is crucified afresh and put to open shame. Anathema, then, on that soul, which under such conditions does not thunder and blaze. Our call is still, as it was fifty years ago, to be "as harsh as truth and as inexorable as justice." No more for us than for Garrison in anti-slavery days, is it permitted to "excuse" or "equivocate" or "retreat a single inch." And in such imperative mood we shall "be heard." Is the old spirit frozen in our veins? Are there no battles on? Is truckling and time-serving ever less than craven?

"Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it. 'Tis God's gift.

"Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?—
And fold your hands and acquiesce. O shame!
Stand up! Speak out! and bravely, in God's name."

It is said that if a circle of chalk be traced around a goose, the poor fowl, because he is a

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goose, will steadfastly refuse to step across the line. Not though he starve to death within the chalk circle; not though he lose his life by his timidity. Around us all are drawn the chalk marks of custom and convention, of prudence and decorum—the world's "conspiracy" against the manhood of every one of us, as Emerson would say. And we—we claim to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. But who shall believe it unless we dare prove our lineage by holy defiance of lines of chalk? O for that magnificent challenging boldness which enables "one to chase a thousand," and two to "put ten thousand to flight." Not more prudent "councils with flesh and blood" but the immediate word of God to the soul, is the call of the new century.

But see what brought Nicodemus from cover. It was that supernal sacrifice which has mellowed the hearts and brimmed the eyes of twenty centuries of later disciples, the infinite stoop of God on Calvary, which conquered Nicodemus. What everything before had failed to evoke was won by the sight of a cross. In sight of Jesus crucified, this reticent, hesitant man shed timidity and became heroic. You will recall perhaps the story of a monk who had traced upon the stone floor of his cell the outlines of a cross. And night after night, so the story runs, the poor, misguided child of God used to drag himself from his pallet to

stretch at full length upon the floor. Then morning broke. For as he reached out his arms on the mimic cross, and his feet after the similitude of his Master, he cried in sheer ecstasy of spirit: "It lifts, it lifts!" The story is possibly fiction, and the practice inculcated has cursed a whole church. But the genius of the story lives. The uplifted Christ forever lifts. And it was the mighty lift of the Cross which swept Nicodemus clear of his fear-someness into open discipleship.

How? We may never say. But I cannot help wondering if the supreme meaning of Calvary had not broken into this ancient aristocrat's soul. "He died for me, He died for me!" Nicodemus saw suffering and was sorry. He saw legal outrage and was angry. He saw beauty of spirit supernal and was subdued. Did he also look and say, "He died for me"? Ah, then you have the full account of his transformation from secret discipleship into open confession.

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled
And own Thee Conqueror."

OLD AGE

BY

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CLASS OF 1892.

OLD AGE

Psa. 91. 16: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

Intelligent travelers are interested in the city they are approaching. All of us are approaching old age and with feelings and thoughts varied as the colors of the spectrum.

Cicero, with an experience of lofty ambitions gratified, acquainted with public and private affronts, from a wide observation of three score years, wrote with consummate charm and skill a classic on old age. "It is a dread," says Cicero, "of the loss of bodily vigor, retiring from the transaction of business, decrease of pleasure and the near approach of death. Its happiness is due to the benignity of nature and the hope of another life." Let us in turn occupy the view points of this Roman sage.

Bodily Vigor. Life is growth: first that which is natural, bodily vigor, the special dower of the young; afterward comes the spiritual, the special dower of old age. It is pathetic to see a young person sitting like his grandsire in a brown study over Thomas a'Kempis. It is equally so, though

with a dash of disgust, to see an old person cutting up capers. For old age to retain the belongings of youth is unjust. The glory of the young is one thing—bodily strength; the glory of the old another—spiritual strength. If turning to flight the armies of aliens, if physical prowess is the supreme good, then the eleventh chapter of Hebrews would record pugilistic champions, names that would infect this paper. Let young men rejoice to run a race, but let not old men long for the “flesh pots of Egypt.” Do not fuse the seasons. Let spring retain March, April and May, and autumn September, October and November.

Medicine and religion have ever been closely associated; their best alliance is in Christianity. It is the Christian missionary who has brought crutches to the lame, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and who has immersed pain in sweet oblivion that life might be prolonged in health.

Retiring from Business. The coefficient “ex” reduces the sphere of one’s influence and contracts his personality. Business going forward unretarded without us augments our humility. Withdrawing from a lifelong occupation does wrench.

Cicero’s age was military. Its battles called for young men. Its old men stood by, all out of work. Ours is an age of machinery. The old man, sitting on the reaper, harvests as much of our staple wheat as the young man. The steam power of the United

States, Great Britain, Germany and France does the work of 551,660,000 able-bodied men, an equivalent of fourteen slaves to every family of five. We employ the motorman in place of the bus-driver. In all gainful occupations preference is given to the intellectual. Manufacture, hand-made, is a misnomer. The belt has shifted from brawn to brain. Consequently the date of retirement from the affairs of life is postponed. Ours is a financial age. Its Napoleon is past sixty with his power not deflected one degree from its zenith.

The Colonial fathers having studied various governments concluded the stability of our government depended upon the coördination of the executive, the judiciary, and the legislative. Ask in Washington which of these three is the most influential and you will be told the Senate. Senator is another form of the word senior.

William E. Gladstone in old age dictated political axioms for English posterity. Bismarck at three score was mighty in Europe. In our last federal election five million votes were cast to place a man past eighty years of age in a position but one removed from the most honored in the world.

The church order of Presbyter is our English word Elder. The young man with "unrazored lip" an Elder! The craze for young men as elders in the ministry to the exclusion of the old is happily waning. More than ever the church needs Elders.

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The colossal modern figure in ecclesiastical statesmanship, John Wesley, had unabated influence at three score years. In the Japanese-Russian war, in contrast to which most of the historic battles are skirmishes, the commanding military geniuses, Togo and Oyama, were no longer young. Thus even where the former age, the militant, overlaps the present, prestige is on the side of the old.

Thomas Jefferson was only thirty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Alexander Hamilton was the same age when he wrote his immortal report on Public Credit. Not unmindful of a noted physician's assignment of the sexagenarian to oblivion yet I could cite a careful statistician to show that young men can plume themselves only on twenty per cent of the men of achievement, eighty per cent going to their elders. The young man slays his thousands but the old man his ten thousands. Repeatedly sociologists tell us that the individual parallels the race. Youth is the Stone age, old age the Golden.

Compare your first impressions of a frequented place or of an old friend with your last, and you will be convinced the content of the old head and heart is more valuable. The mole hill, the aged sees, is not a mountain. "Men, birds and beasts are but beasts, birds and men." The aged can be more tolerant of men's creeds and opinions, can enter sympathetically into the life of the wayward, not

to condone but to redeem, and with joyful step enter the life of the virtuous. He touches more men at more points and adds to their social, moral and religious well-being. His judgments are ripened. He can be particularly helpful in guiding young men from disastrous rocks. The old and the young are complementary. The young, "apt to be carried away by the sanguine elements in his temperament," is the centrifugal, the old, tempered by buffets and disasters, is the centripetal; the resultant is the golden mean of progress. With a larger number of old men the world would be vastly richer. The prolongation of the aged of both sexes in lucrative occupations thus absolving them from charity is due to Christ's command to labor, and the dignity which he, by precept and example, placed upon work.

Bodily vigor is not essential to the aged. Oxygen comprises one fifth of the air we breathe, four fifths of the water we drink and one half of the earth upon which we live. It is generated by heating chlorate of potash. Heat it alone, at a certain temperature the oxygen will be suddenly liberated with an explosion. If, however, you mix black oxide of manganese the oxygen will be given off quietly. But the manganese is not in the least affected. It acts, the chemists say, by catalysis, the influence of its presence; so the aged acts by the influence of his presence.

I must file a caveat. The handicap of old age is extreme conservatism. Out of respect for the old he declines to look at the new moon. It is the spirit that arraigned itself against universal education and self-government when they were new; repelling these novelties fraught with blessings. The preventive of this senile ossification and imperviousness is to keep one eye on society, business and the cause of Christ as it is, and the other on each as it should be.

Pleasures. To state that our first twenty-five years are worth more than the subsequent ones whatever their content is to idealize youth. The bottled tears of babyhood tell a different but unvarnished tale. Have you forgotten your broken toys and bursts of lamentations—"the whining schoolboy creeping like snail unwillingly to school"? When we reflect on the scenes of our childhood we lose sight of disappointments and sorrows and recall only its fond recollections. Therefore the enjoyment of youth is more unalloyed in reflection than in realization. Reflection, however, belongs to later years.

The happy life is not that which is on Pike's Peak of exultation to-day, and to-morrow in the cañon of dejection. There are more suicides among the young than among the old. Youth's appetites are untamed. The happy life consists in bridled appetites, subdued passions subject to the

lofty ideals of Jesus Christ. Time only can secure this.

Dryden says, "Youth is the age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost everyone a rhymers." Much of the pleasure of youth is from "falling in love." Naturally the lover idolizes one. But have they not more love at their twenty-fifth marriage anniversary than at their first? Their love "increases even as their days do grow."

The pleasures of youth winnowed of its trials are idealized, those of old age burdened with fancied ills are minimized. Old age found in the way of righteousness is crowned with deeds that, reflected upon, evoke the cheer of congratulating conscience. "To enjoy one's life is to live twice." Old age is doubly blessed.

Cicero points to the successful warrior honored in the street and escorted to his home. Live a life of spending and being spent for others, then "honor, love and troops of friends" will form your suite in the majesty of years. The joys that attend this escort are the highest. Old age has saner views of life and more genuine pleasures.

Approach of Death. The old man's staff is a rapier at death's door. Death is near. What of it? Physical death is more to be feared by the young, for more of the young die. In them the machinery of life is taken apart perforce, whereas in the aged

its dissolution is gradual. He drops from the tree of life like ripened fruit. Catharine, Empress of Russia, who prohibited funeral processions passing her palace and consigned them to night, was in the bondage of morbid fear. The eminent Professor of Medicine in Oxford University has observed but two cases in five hundred deaths accompanied with terror. Physical death is too much dreaded.

Death marks an epoch in the soul's life. This in the wicked closes the deeds done in the body upon which judgment and destiny hang. To them it is at best a leap into the "great perhaps." At the worst we draw the curtain, for we recall the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Precious is the death of saints. Whatever our encomiums on McKinley's statesmanship, "nothing in life became him like the leaving it." St. Paul, typical of the hoary head in the way of righteousness, said, "I am now ready to be offered up." Like the fabled swan he sang more sweetly at the near approach of death. Some of the early Christians lived in tombs. Many sought martyrdom. Their only question, said Tertullian, was whether they were worthy of such a death. The death of Jesus has been prominent in the preaching of the gospel for nineteen centuries. The crucifix is known where nothing else concerning Jesus is known.

Men have been governed by fear, and death has been the most dreadful tyrant of all. Jesus hath

abolished death and supplanted its fear with love, the greatest thing in the world. So the aged Christian approaches death as the bridegroom his wedding, the president-elect his inauguration, the king his coronation.

Benignity of Nature. The goodness of the Lord is over nature and particularly over the part that is human. Nature yields food, raiment, the raw materials to sustain all in comfort. The Lord's Prayer bids us ask for daily bread. Are not our own labors to be an antecedent? The same universal prayer teaches us to pray for his kingdom to come and his will to be done. Are not our labors again to be antecedents to this consummation? God's law is, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If we reap wheat in the fall we must sow wheat in the spring. If in the spring we sow cockle seed, in the fall we reap cockle. Sow an ill-spent youth and you will reap a crabbed old age. Many of the ills of old age are due to poor food, bad hygiene, lack of fostering interests, sowing of bad seed. Old age is a regret only when youth has been a blunder. "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth" and the days in which thou shalt have no pleasure will never draw nigh, but those will in which you will have more and more pleasure. There is a suprasensible world wherein grace abounds. Unfettered by the physical laws of causation, for our little, the Holy Spirit imparts

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to us riches of love that passeth all understanding. Nature about us is benign. But the kingdom of God within us is "righteousness and joy and peace." It happened at Athens an old man entering a crowded assembly had no seat offered him until he came to the place where the Spartans were seated. All of them to a man arose and with the greatest respect received him among them. This led Lysander to say that "old age had nowhere so honorable an abode as in Sparta. It is really an agreeable thing to grow old in Sparta." Old age has nowhere so honorable an abode as in the Lord. It is indeed an agreeable thing to grow old in the Lord.

The Hope of Eternal Life. Oriental and Occidental Buddhists who look complacently on death as the end, Gallios who don't care, and lukewarm Laodiceans, are all diseased. The healthy in heart and mind have an absorbing interest in immortal life.

"'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want."

Cicero's East crimsoned with the dawn of immortality. Hear him speak, "As I come near to death, I feel like a mariner when he first catches sight of land the harbor opening to him." We would rather cast logic overboard, and like Cicero be mistaken with Plato, who believed in immortality,

than be in the right with those who deny life after death. God's revelation has been progressive both to the race and to the individual. Wordsworth saw intimations of immortality in the recollections of childhood. To the child the things of earth are full of joy not their own, but due to the life of God within the child. Youth is gilded with fairy palaces and with hopes which perish in myriads where one survives, like the eggs of the cod. Old age fixes with sure and steadfast faith on Jesus Christ its hope of eternal life. Immortality, as streaks of day in childhood, shines in old age with noontide splendor. Science is perfectly helpless to reveal a life beyond. The endeavors of philosophy are on the supposition that the quintessence of our nature is divine. Immortality of the soul is made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ "who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

The bird has only what it sees in its surroundings, the sailor observes only the heaving billows, but the captain's mind contains latitude, longitude, soundings, proximity of port. He lives in what is beyond in all the three dimensions. With faith in Him who is the resurrection and the life, the aged walks on earth but his conversation is in heaven, he lives in time and also in part in the blessedness of timeless eternity. The nearer we approach a shining object the brighter it is. "The last of

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life for which the first is made" close to the celestial city is beatific with its illumination.

Your bodily vigor decreases, but the spiritual increases. Your business career reaches almost to the end and is crowned with honor. Your pleasures of sense are followed by the keener and abiding pleasures of the spirit. Benign nature is dwarfed by the presence of your riches in grace. The approach of death consorts with your "hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." Your evening time glows with a sunset betokening a glad to-morrow in whose endless light you shall arise in strength and glory.

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